

SMILIN' ED'S

Buster Brown

COMICS

Book
No. 18



Kids — Listen in every Saturday morning
WKY-KVOO 10:30 A.M.

McCLAIN'S SHOES

ALVA

OKLA.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Hurry on down to the Jingle Bells Jubilee!

Every buddy and sweetheart will find the
Christmas party shoe they want at the
Jingle Bells Jubilee. Pick your favorite from
these on the back cover, tell Mom you
"gotta have good old Buster Brown Shoes."



SMILIN' ED

BUILDS A HOUSE

With the help of his radio gang

HEH-
HEH-
HEH!!

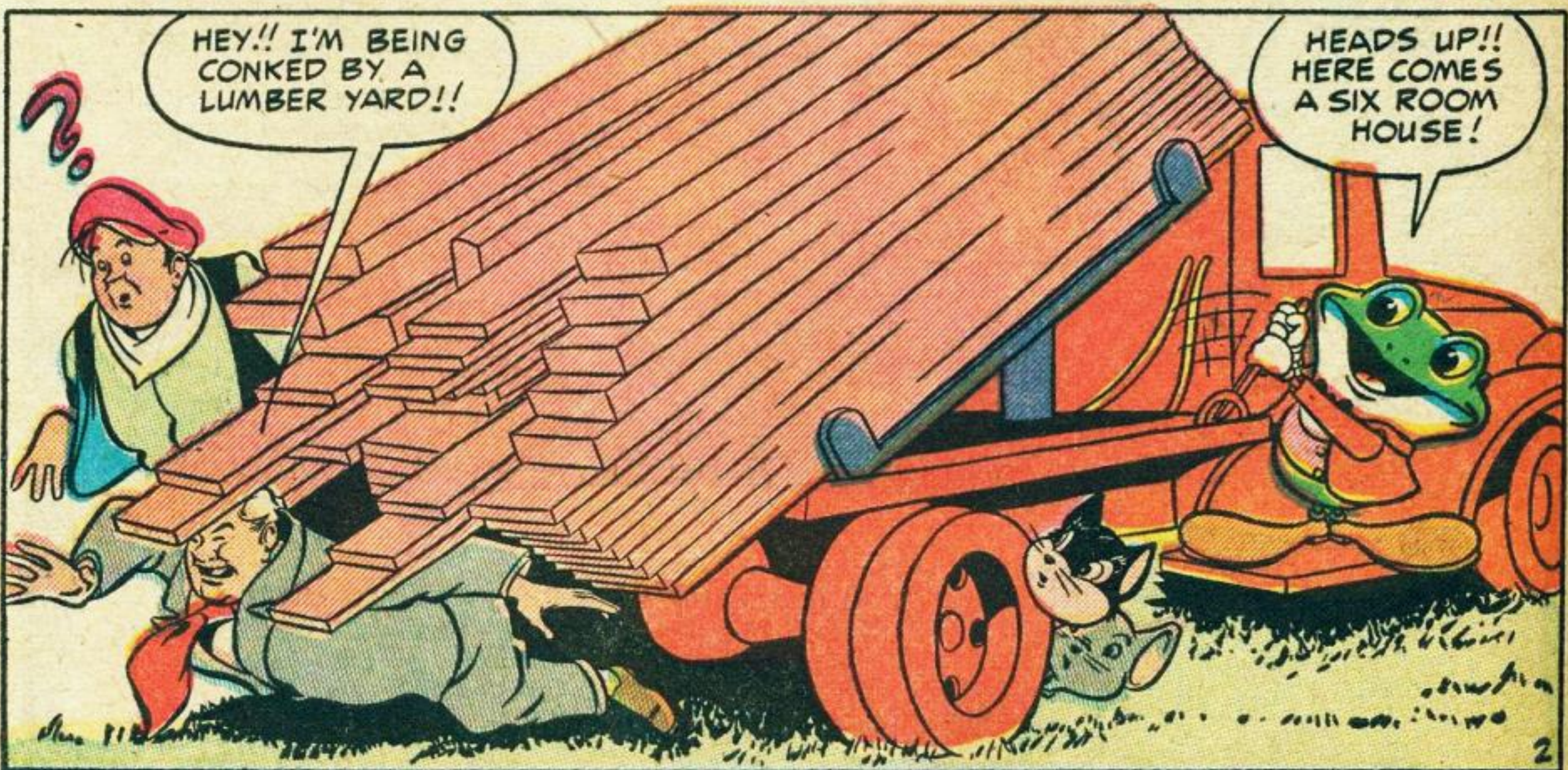
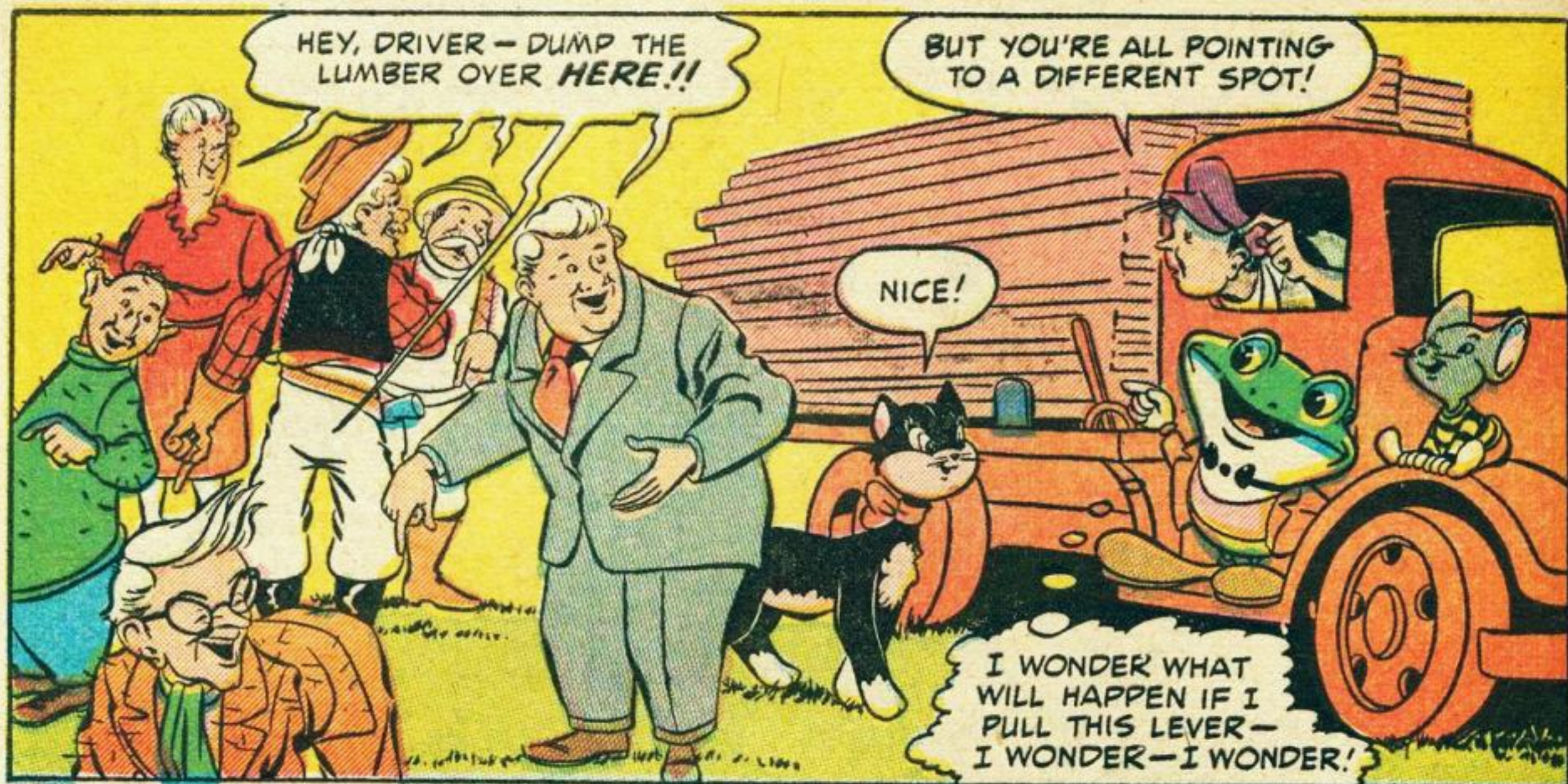
WELL, WELL-IT'S
MIGHTY NICE OF ALL
YOU FOLKS TO COME
HERE TO HELP ME
BUILD MY HOUSE...

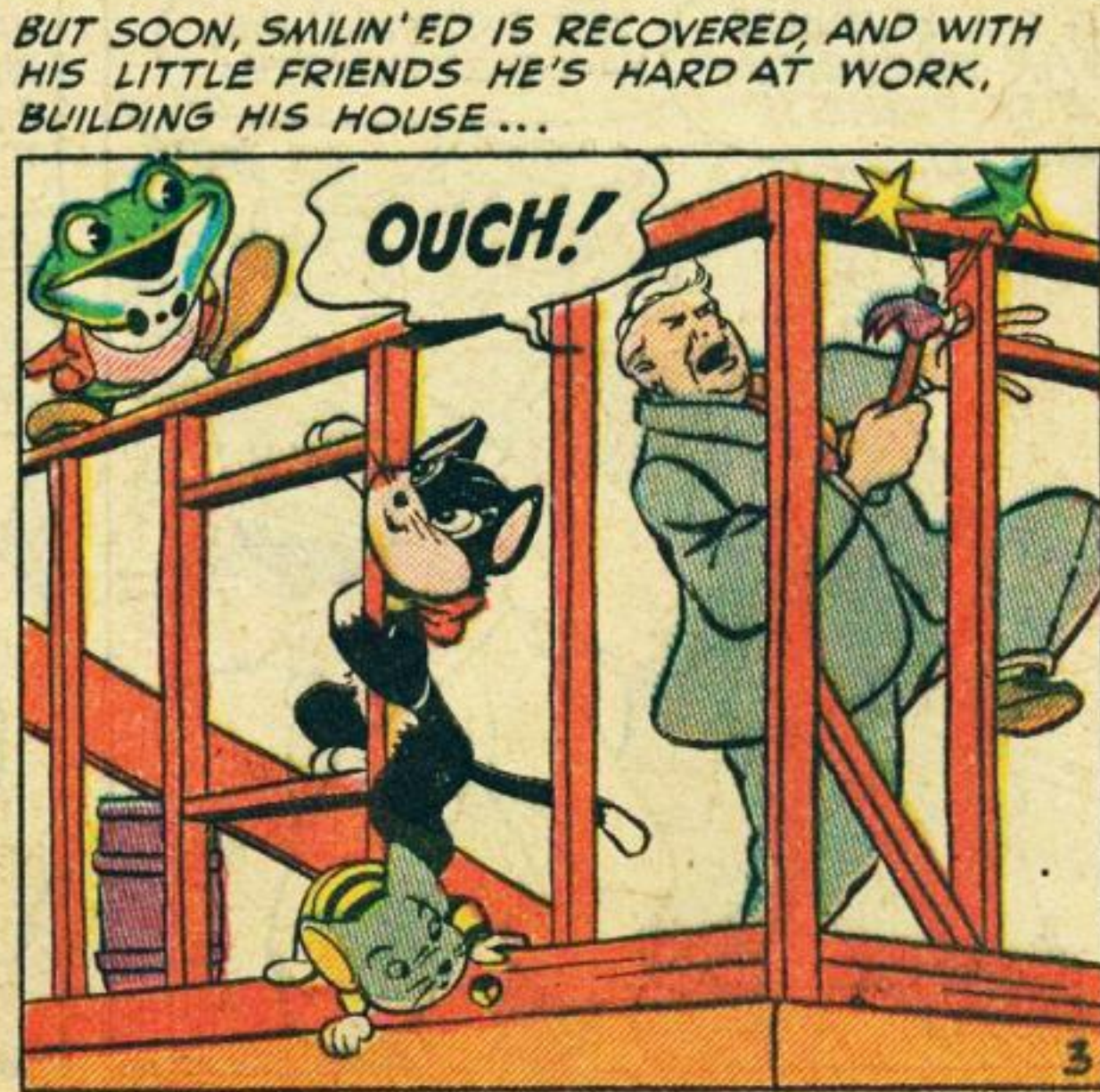
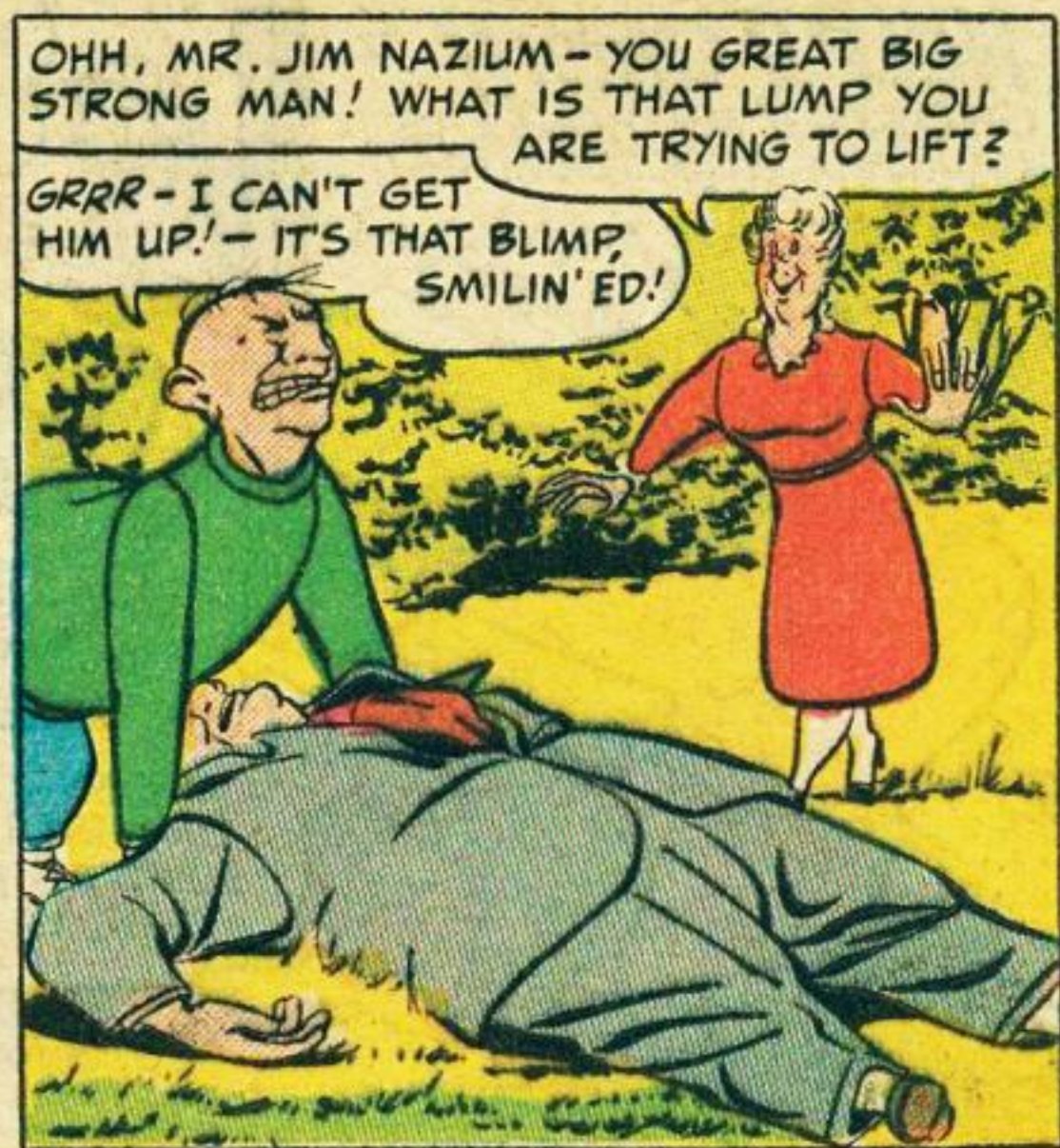
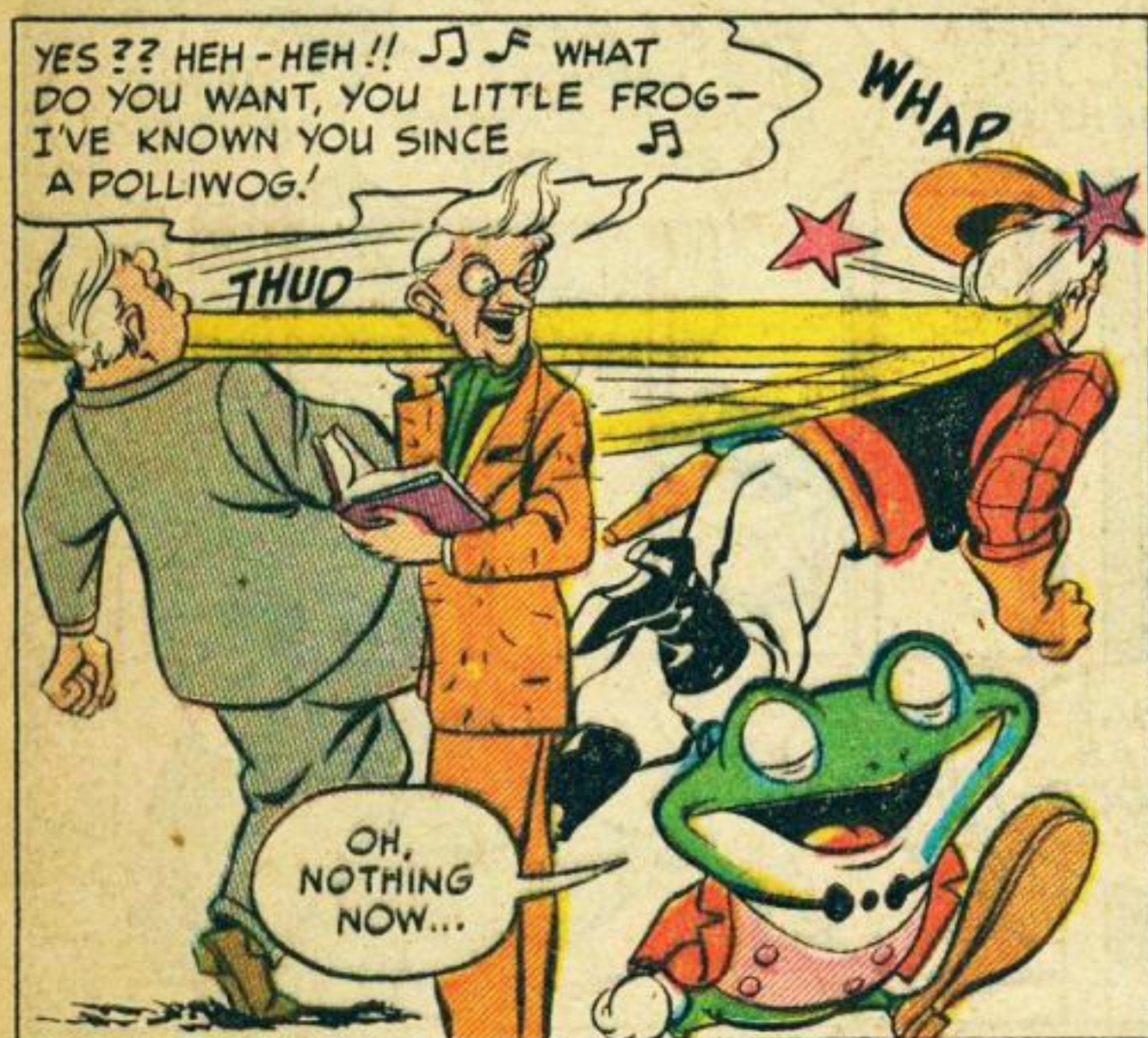
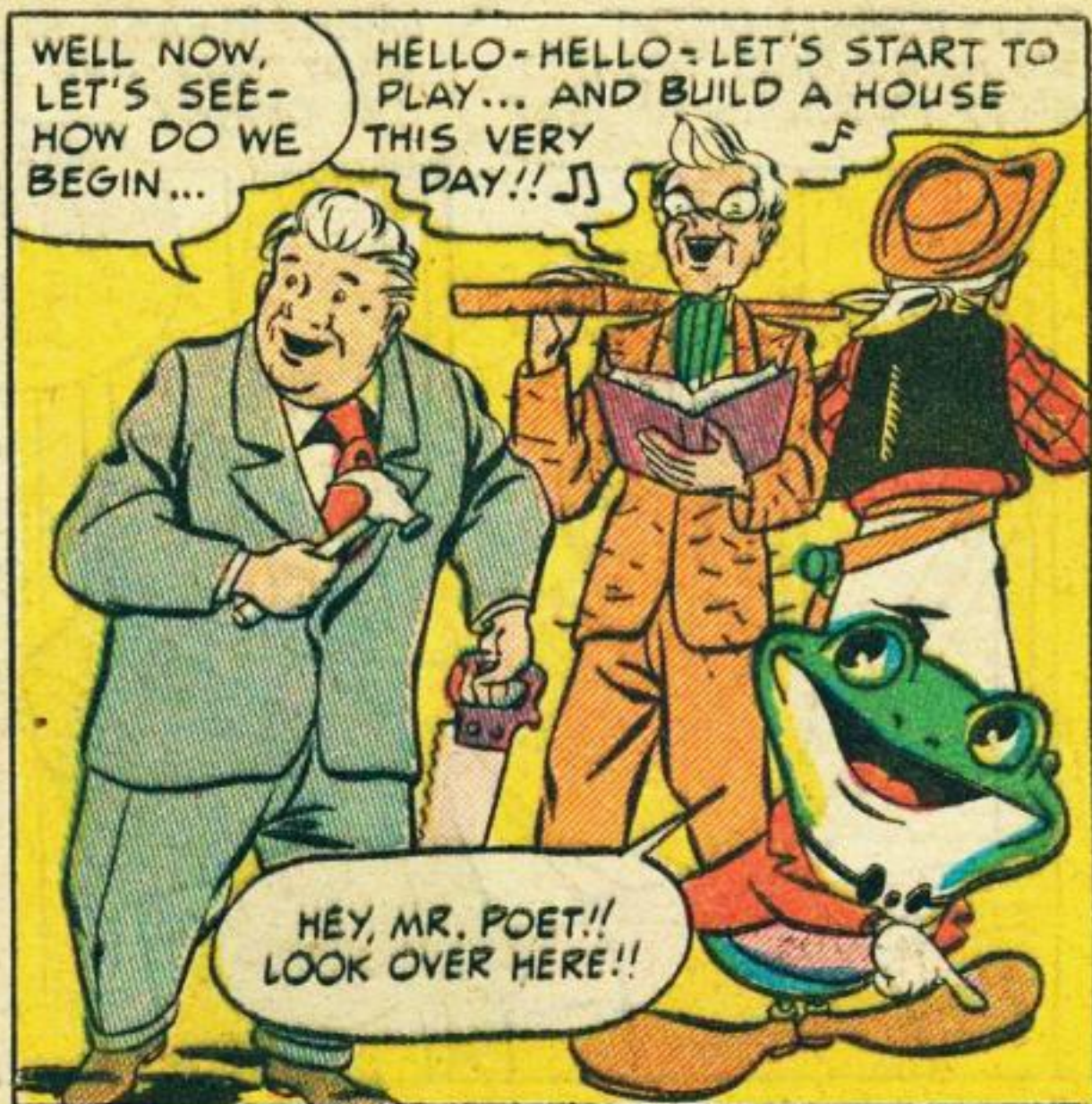
I CAN JUST SEE
THIS CUTE LITTLE
BUNGALOW OF
ABOUT FOURTEEN
ROOMS WITH
A POOL!!

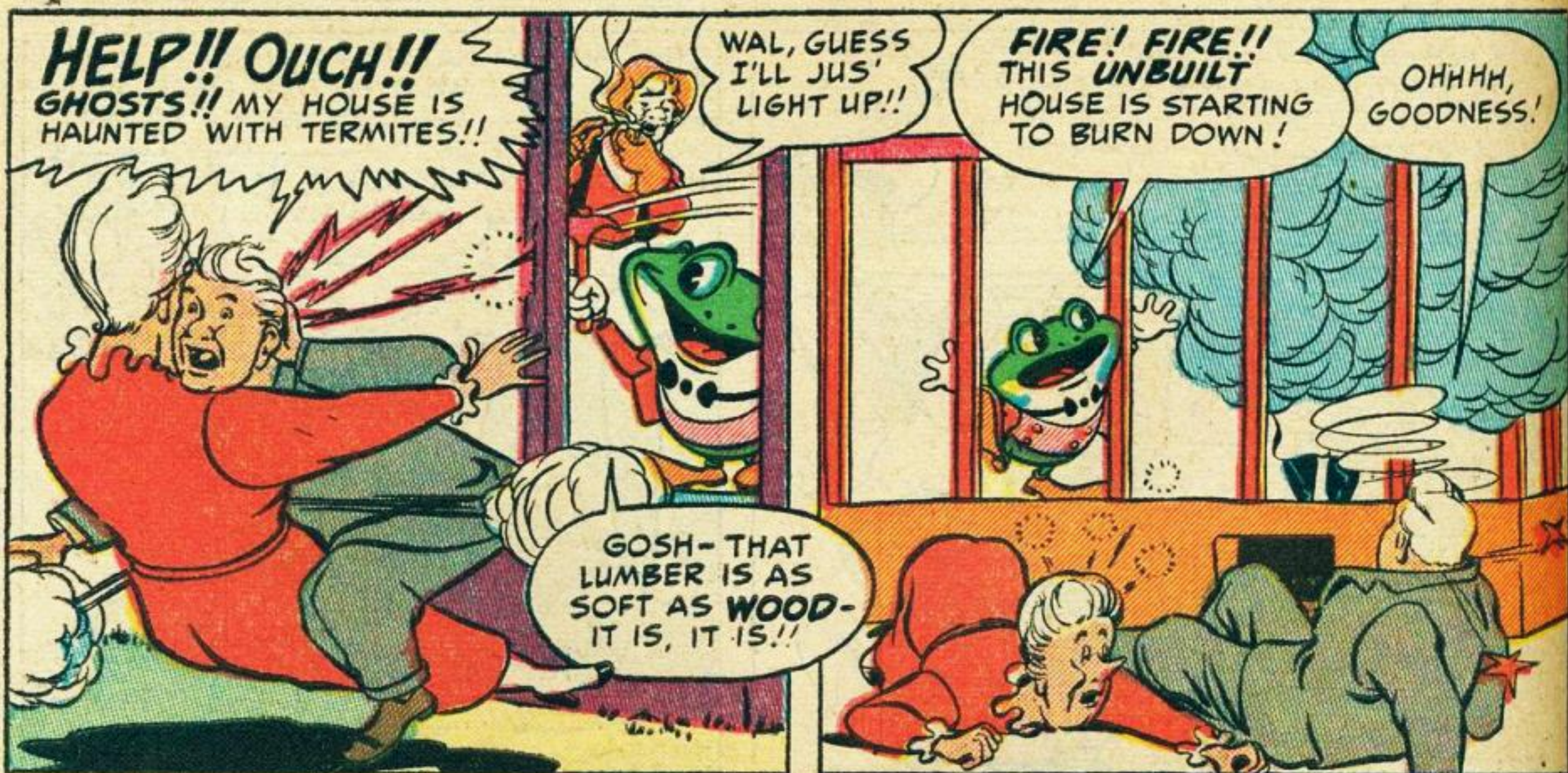
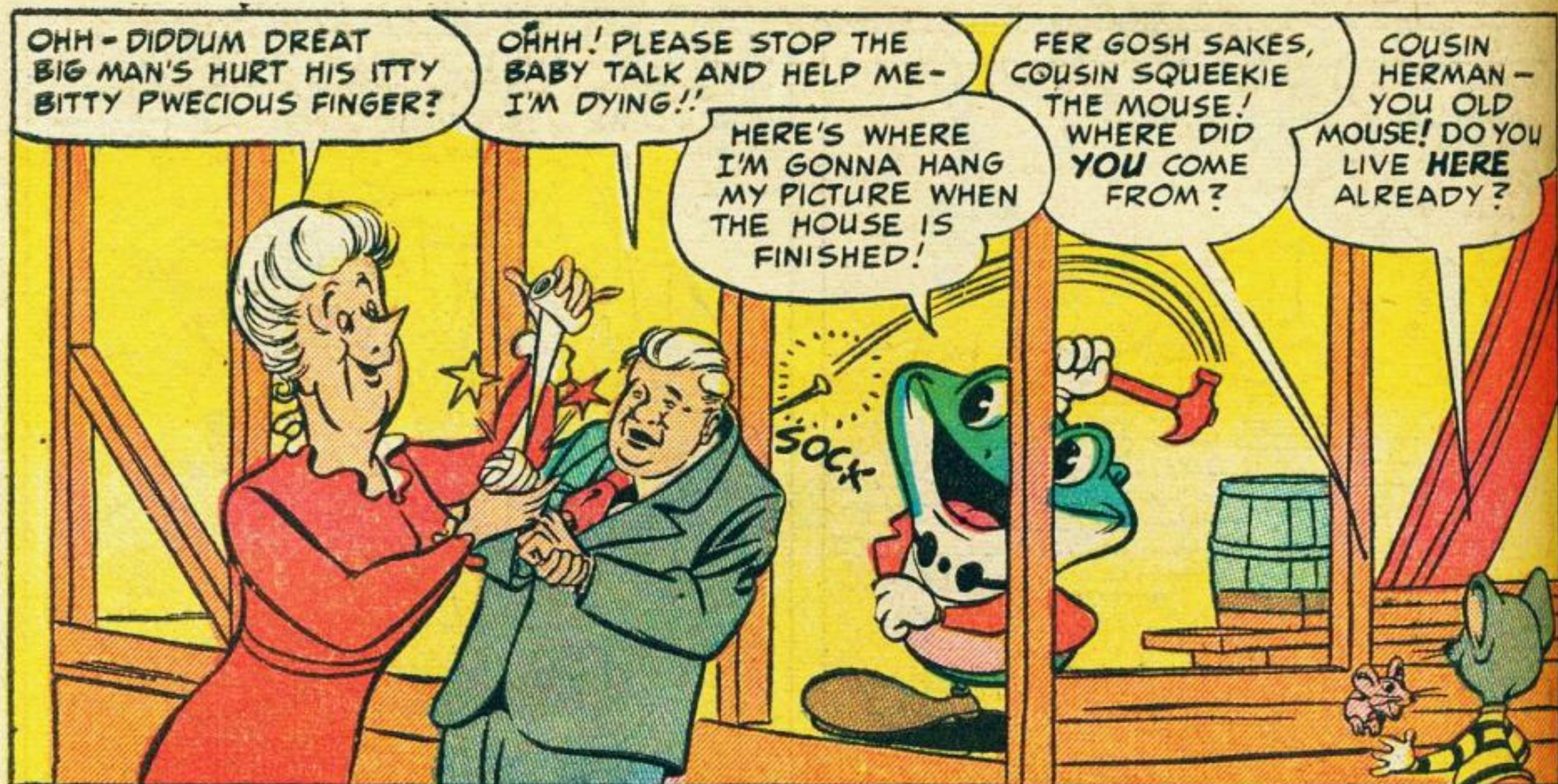
WAL, WE PLUMB KNEW THAT
BUILDIN' A HOUSE WAS QUITE
A JOB, SMILIN' ED - SO WE
JUST ANKLED OVER TO HELP!

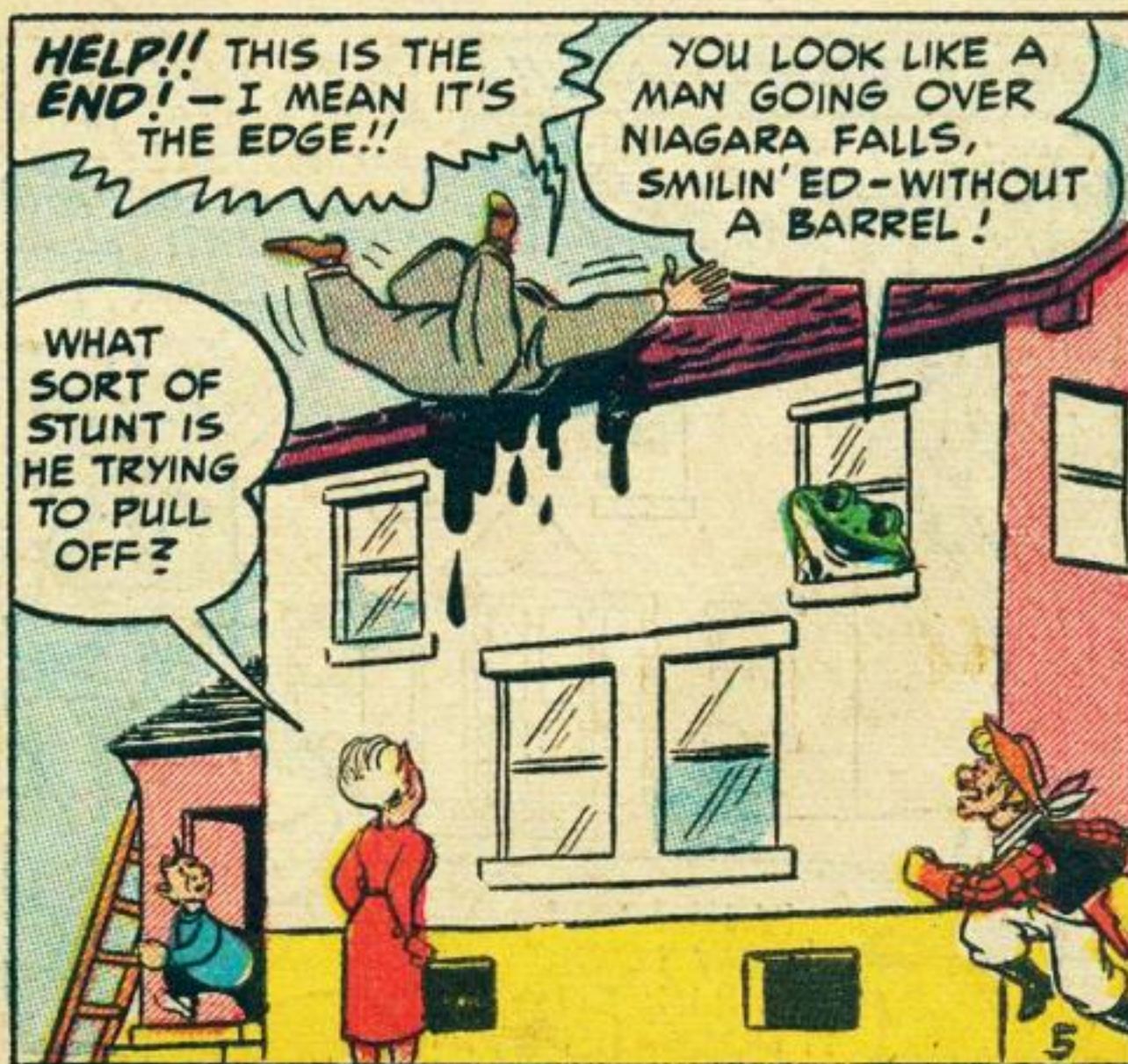
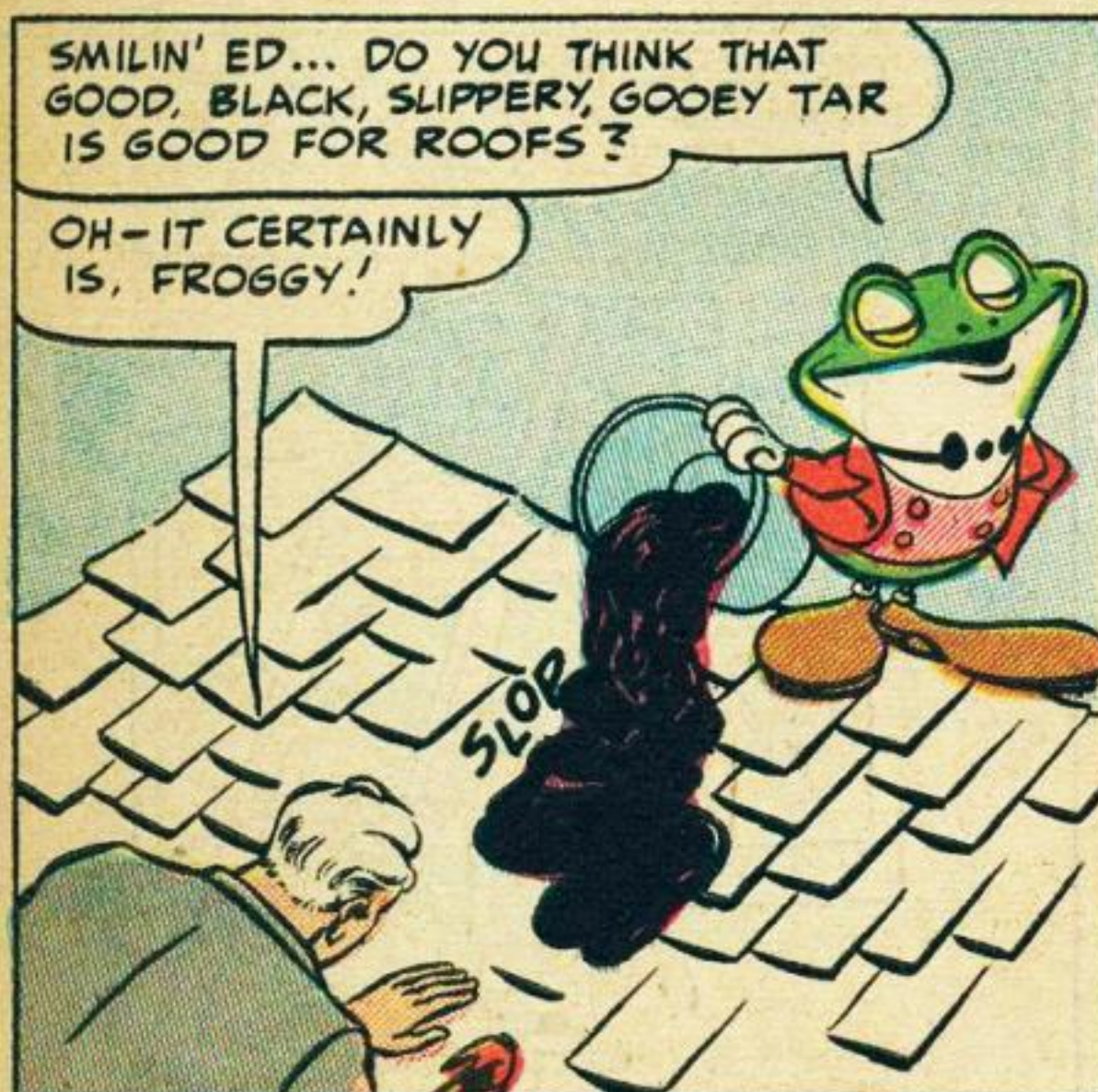
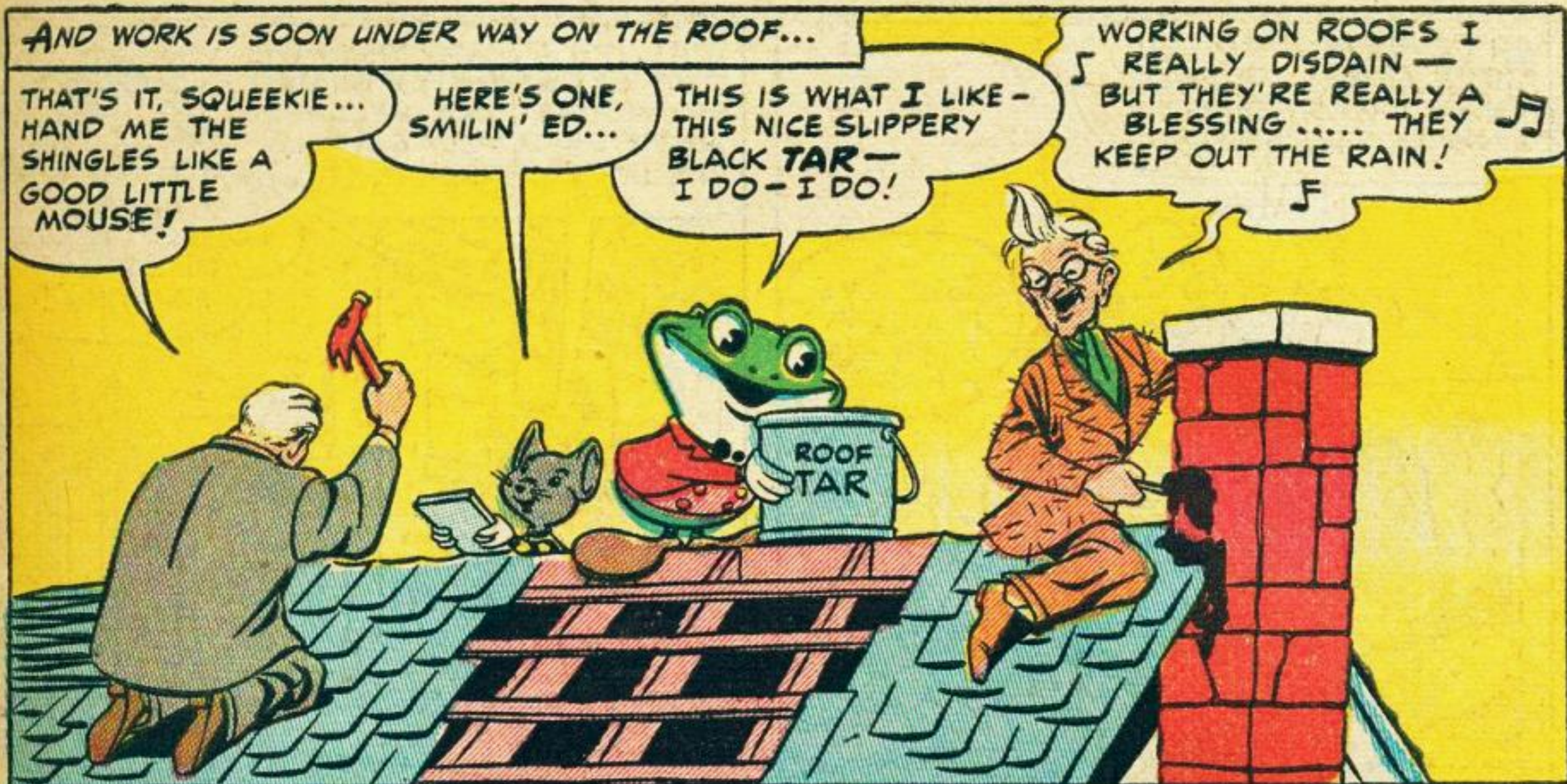
HEY, SMILIN' ED - I'VE
GOT MY STEAM SHOVEL
READY TO DIG YOUR
CELLAR ANY TIME YOU
SAY THE WORD!

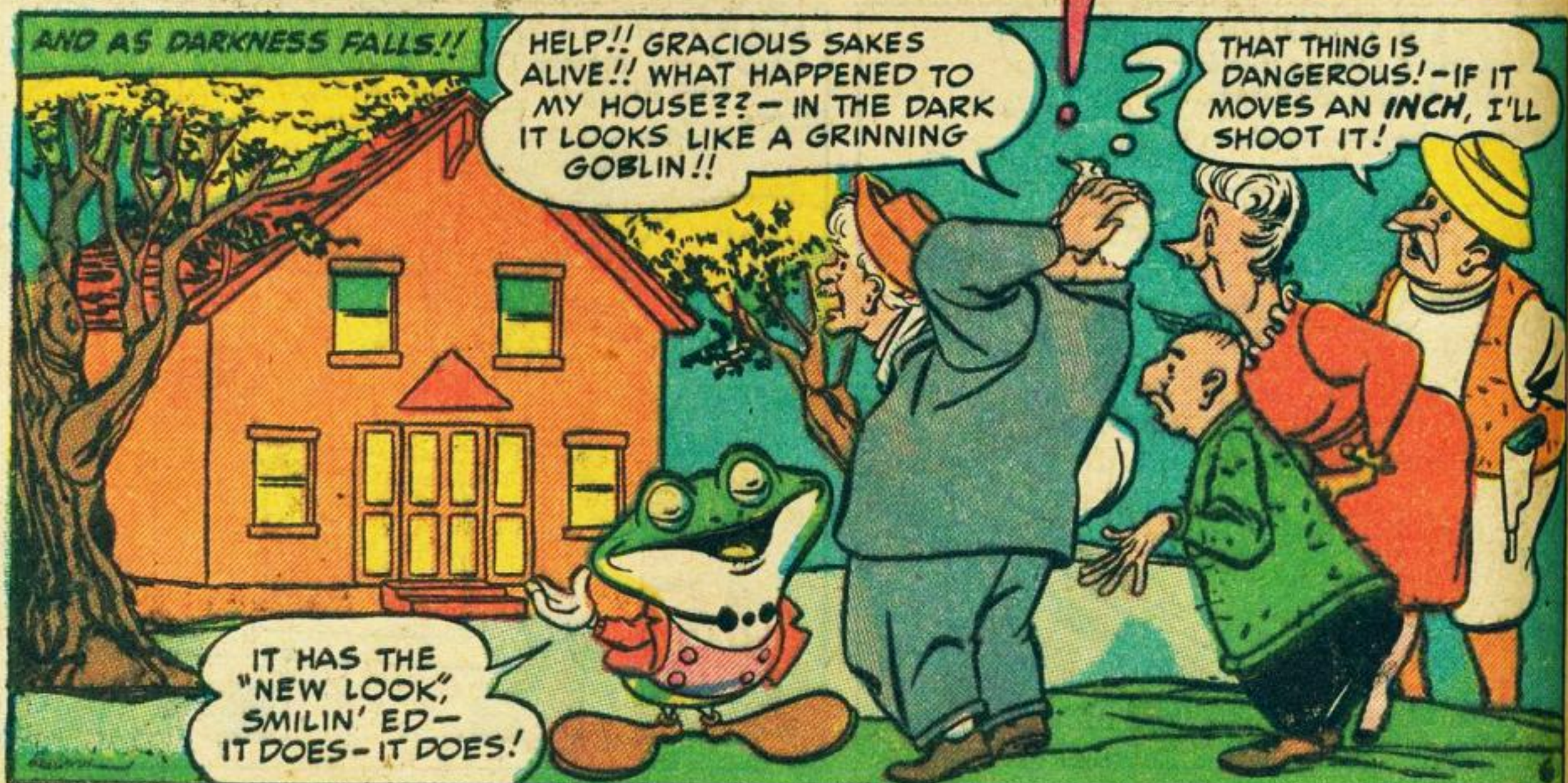
S MILIN' ED DECIDES TO BUILD A HOUSE, AND HE ASKS THE HELP OF HIS FRIENDS, MR. TRAVELLER THE EXPLORER, ALKALI PETE THE OLD WESTERNER, MRS. TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT, JIM NAZIUM THE ATHLETE, MR. SHORTFELLOW THE POET, AND OF COURSE, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE, MIDNIGHT THE CAT AND FROGGY THE GREMLIN



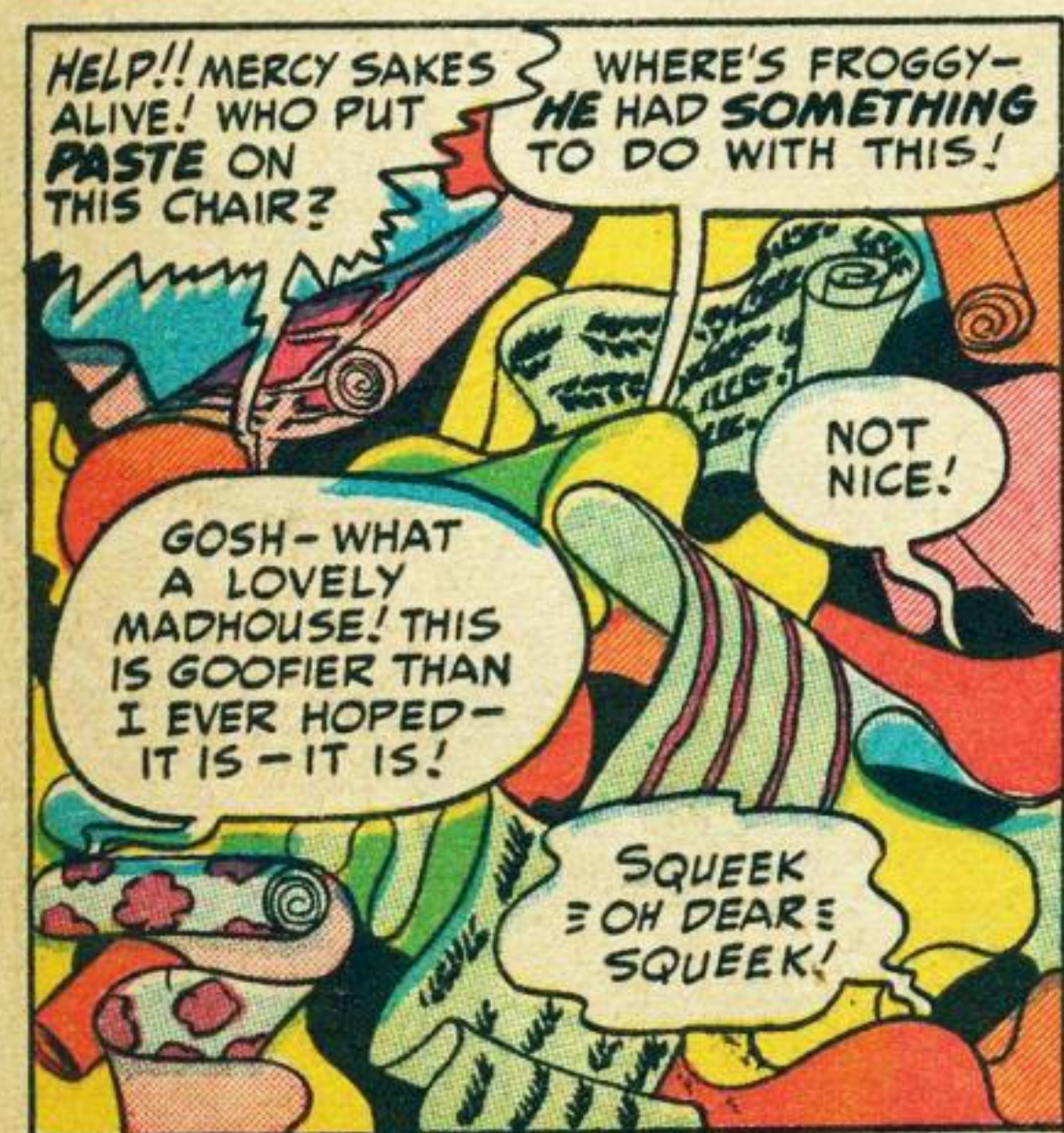


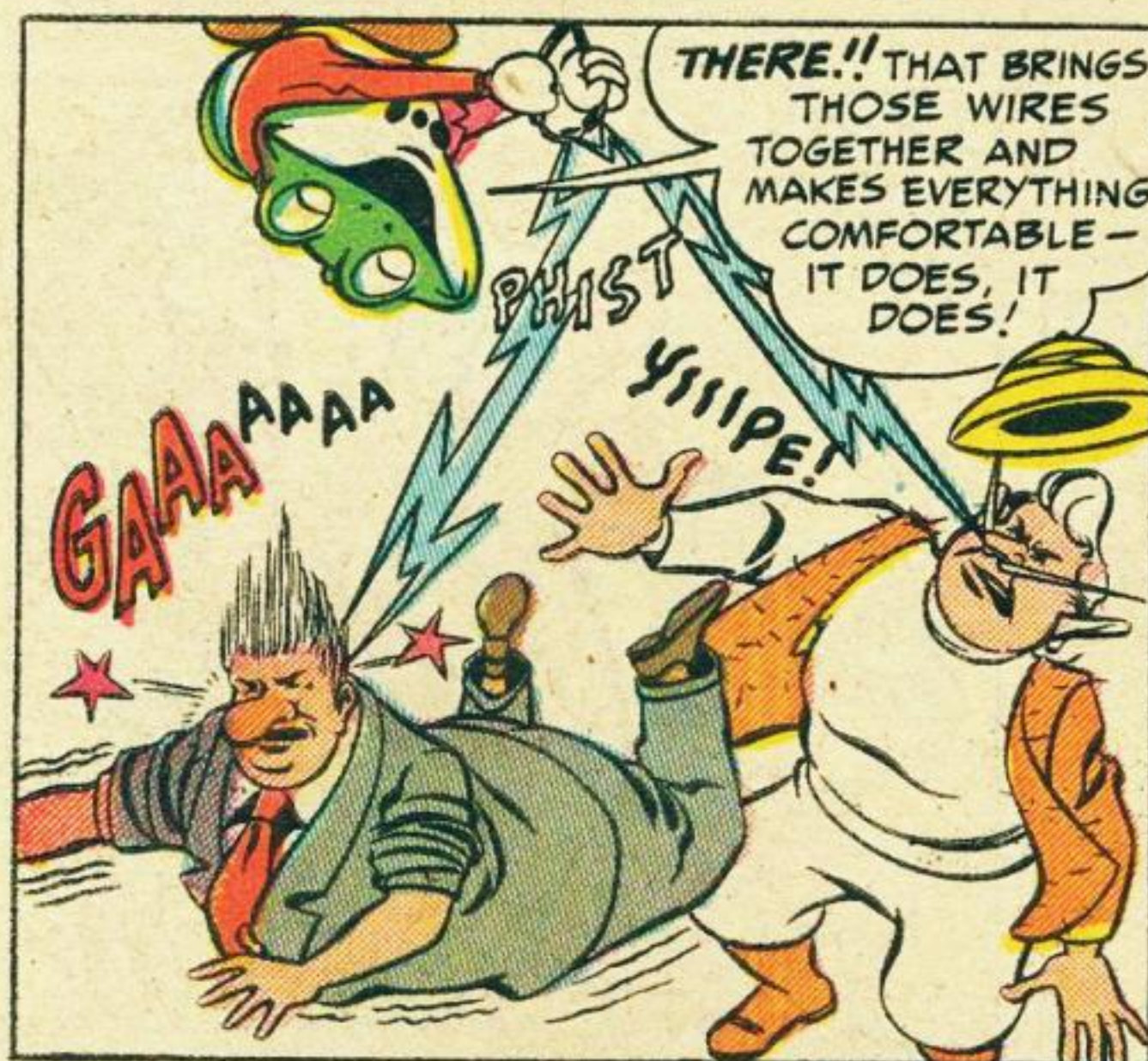




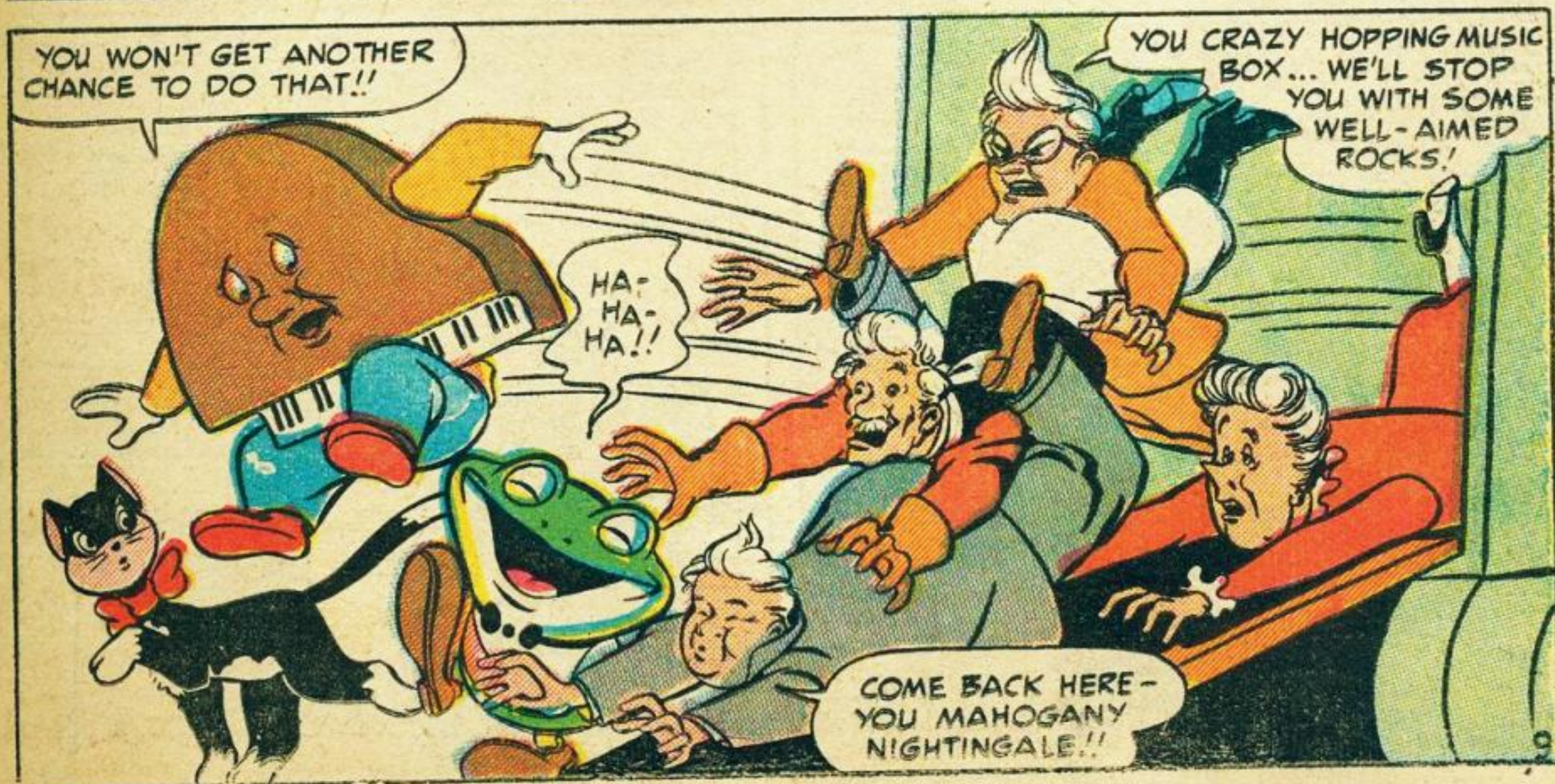


BUT FROGGY'S PAINT TRICK IS SOON FORGOTTEN - AND EARLY THE NEXT DAY OUR FRIENDS ARE INSIDE THE HOUSE AND READY TO BEGIN PAPERING....

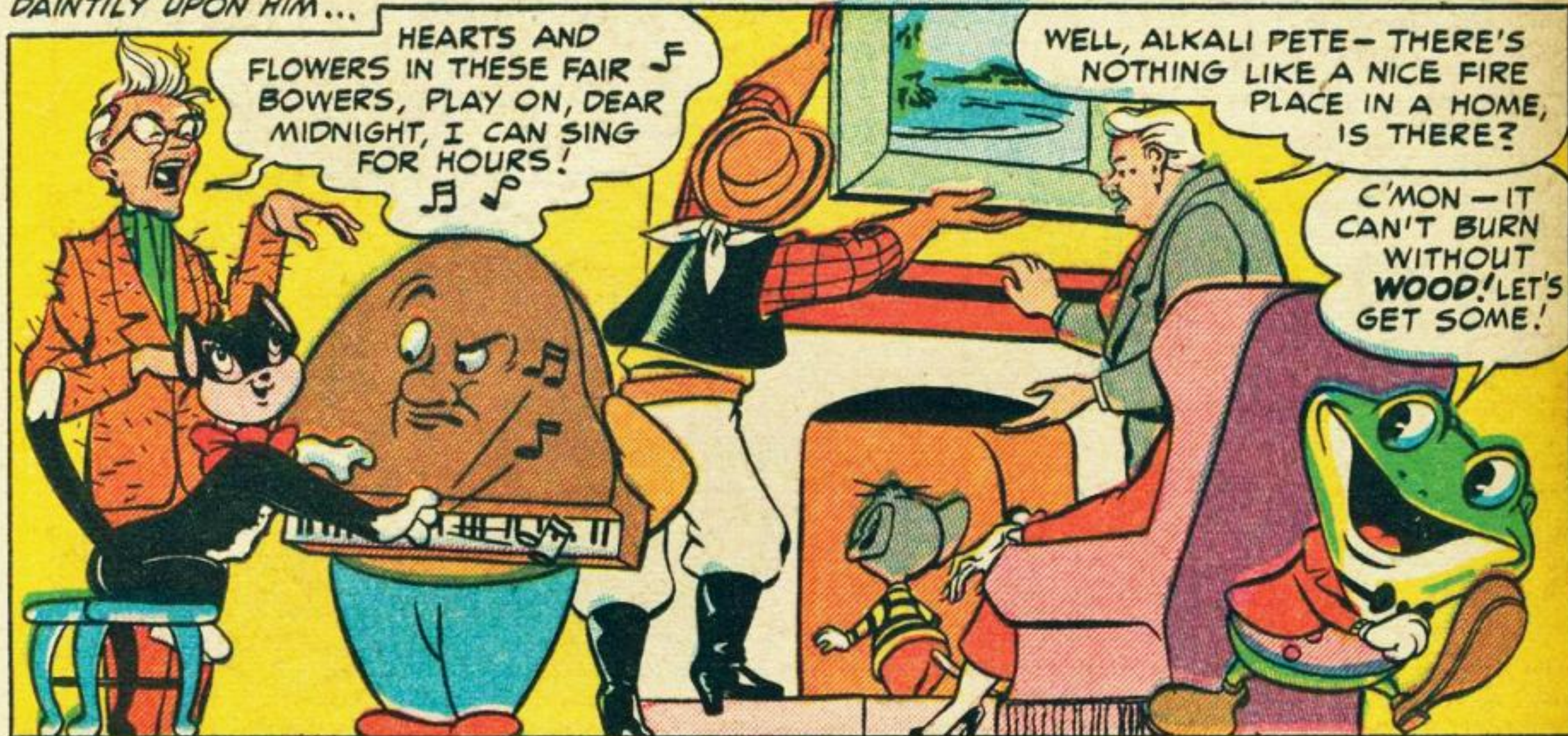


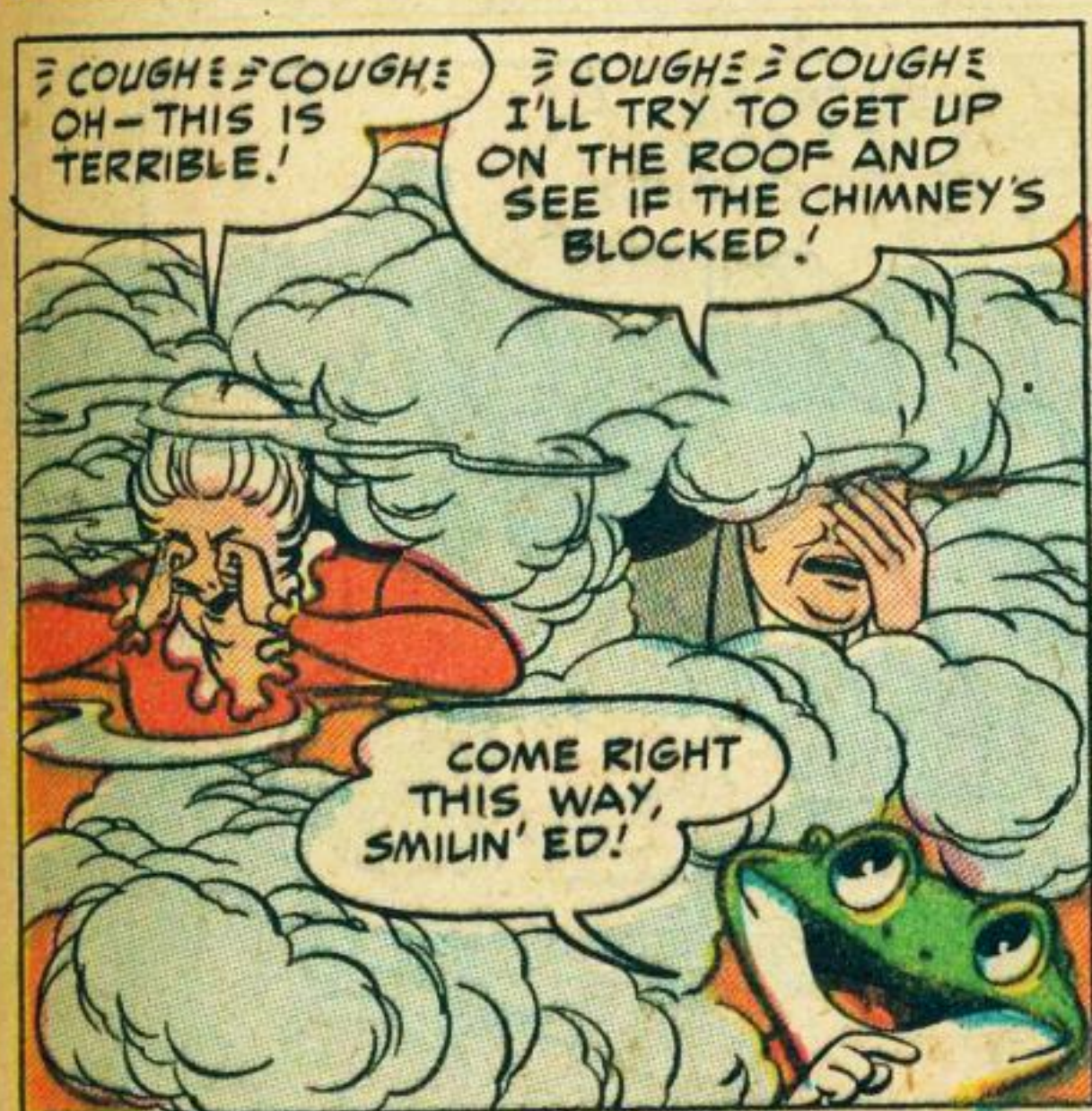
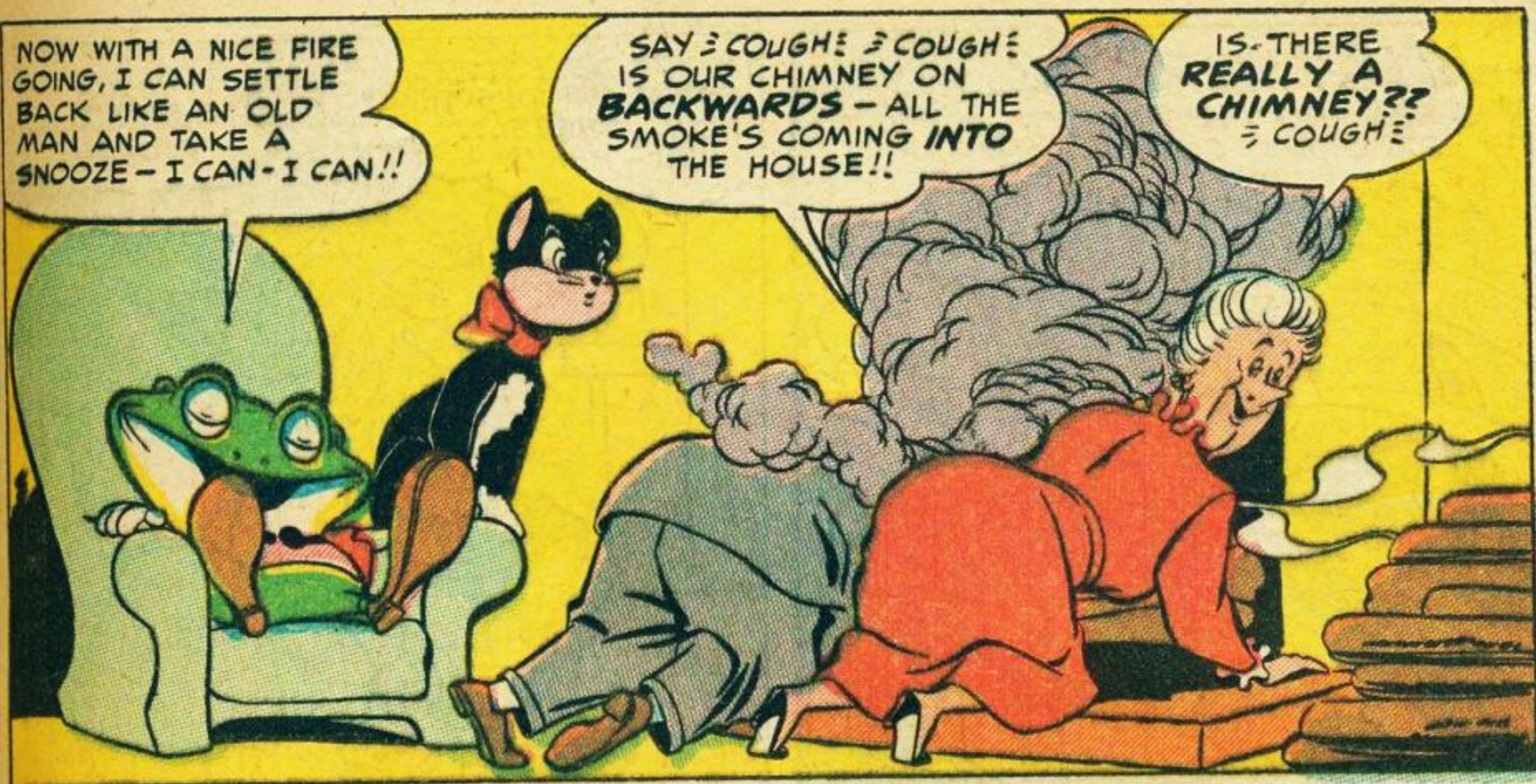


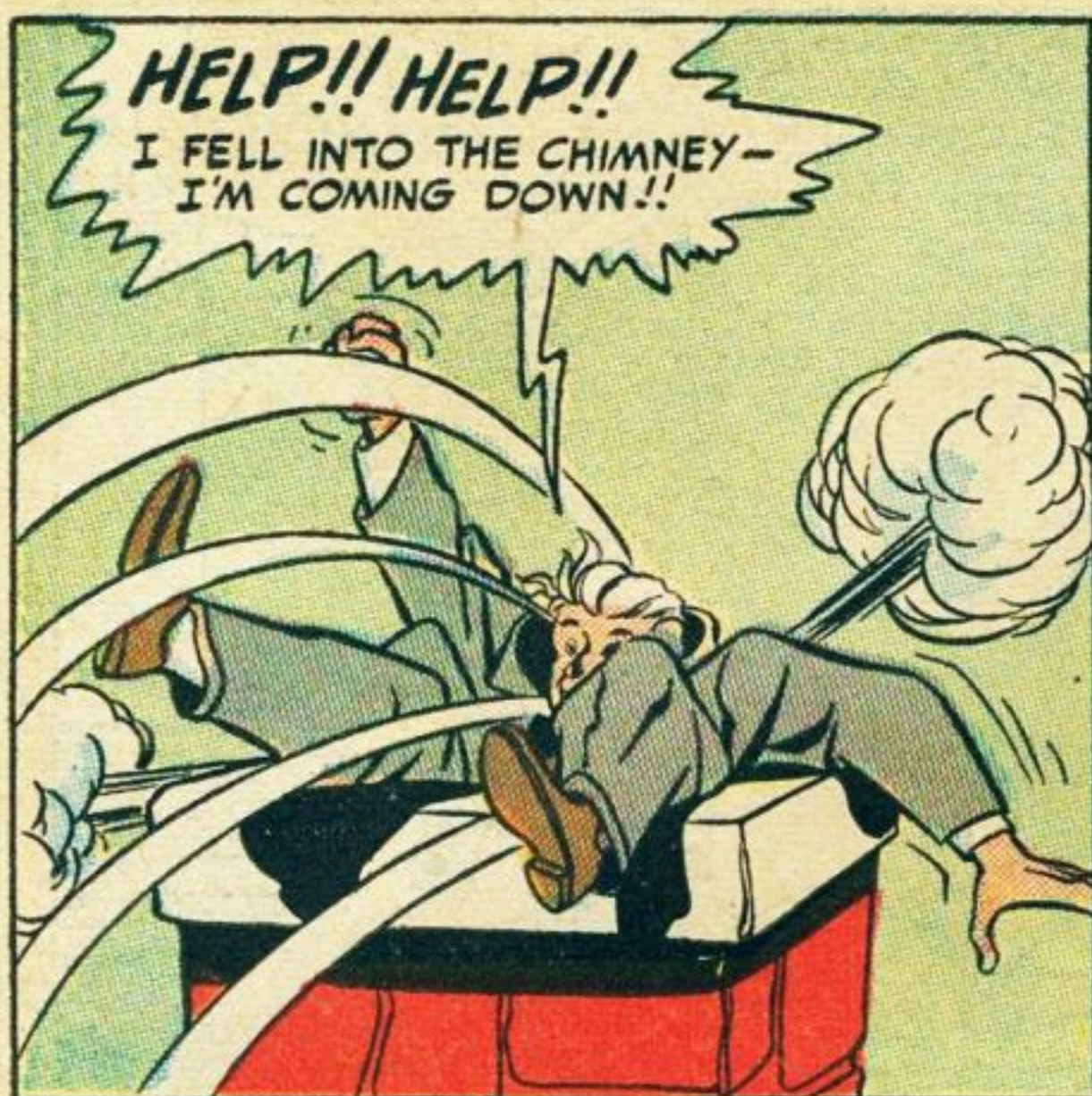
AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR SMILIN' ED TO MOVE INTO HIS NEW HOUSE... AND WHO'S IN THE TRUCK AND READY TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE LIVING ROOM BUT OUR OLD FRIEND GRANDY, THE PIANO...



BUT GRANDY IS FINALLY CAUGHT AND PUT IN THE HOUSE WHERE MIDNIGHT, THE CAT, NOW PLAYS DAINTILY UPON HIM...







HELP!! HELP!!

I FELL INTO THE CHIMNEY -
I'M COMING DOWN!!



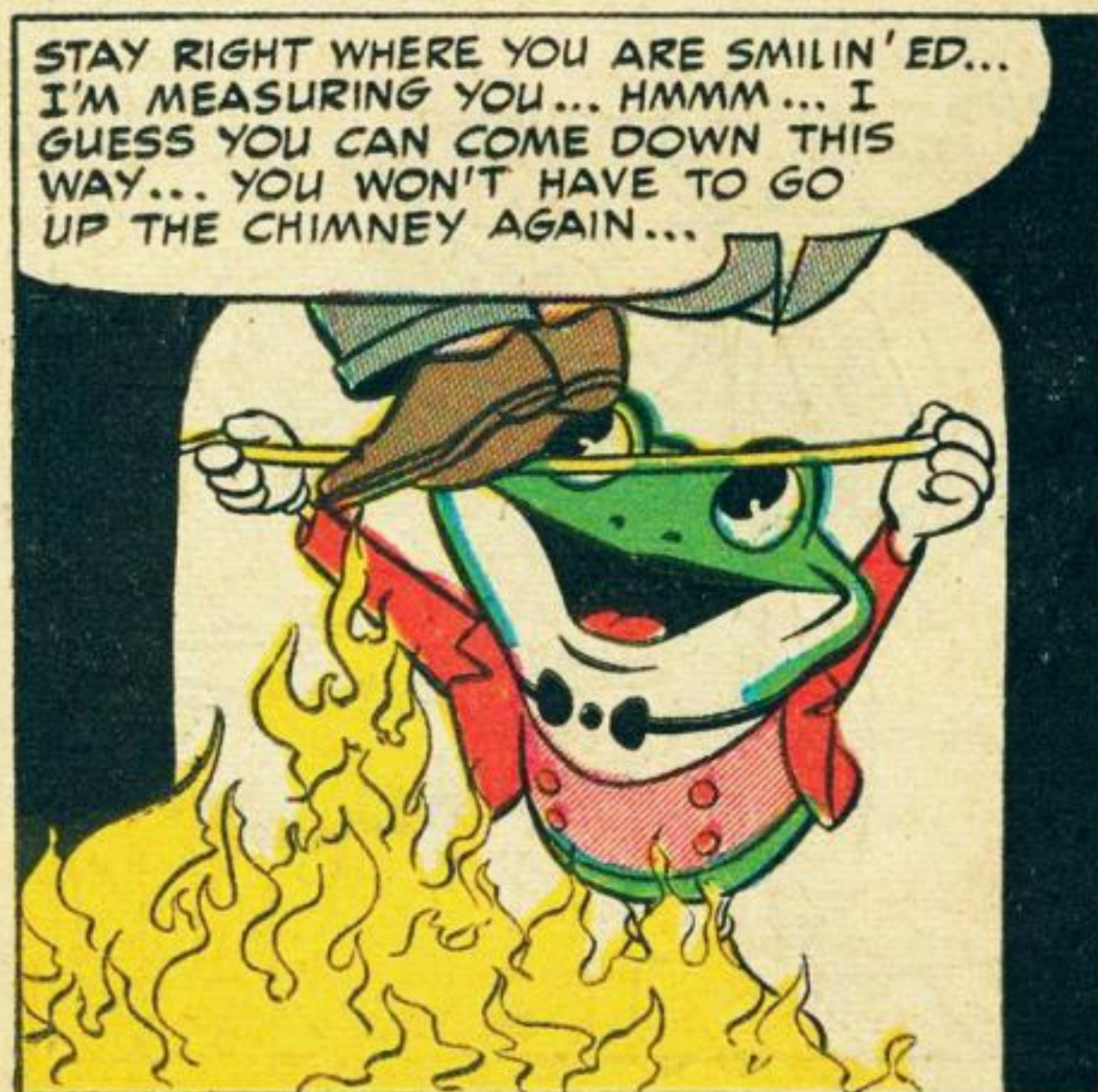
MAYBE I'D BETTER
OPEN UP THIS THING
NOW... THERE...
HEH - HEH!!

= COUGH =
GRRRRR
= COUGH =



SMILIN' ED MCCONNELL!!
IS THAT **YOU??**
WHAT SORT OF
TRICK IS THIS??

HA-HA-HA!! WHEN THOSE
FLAMES HIT HIM HE'S GOING
OUT THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY
LIKE A JET JOB!



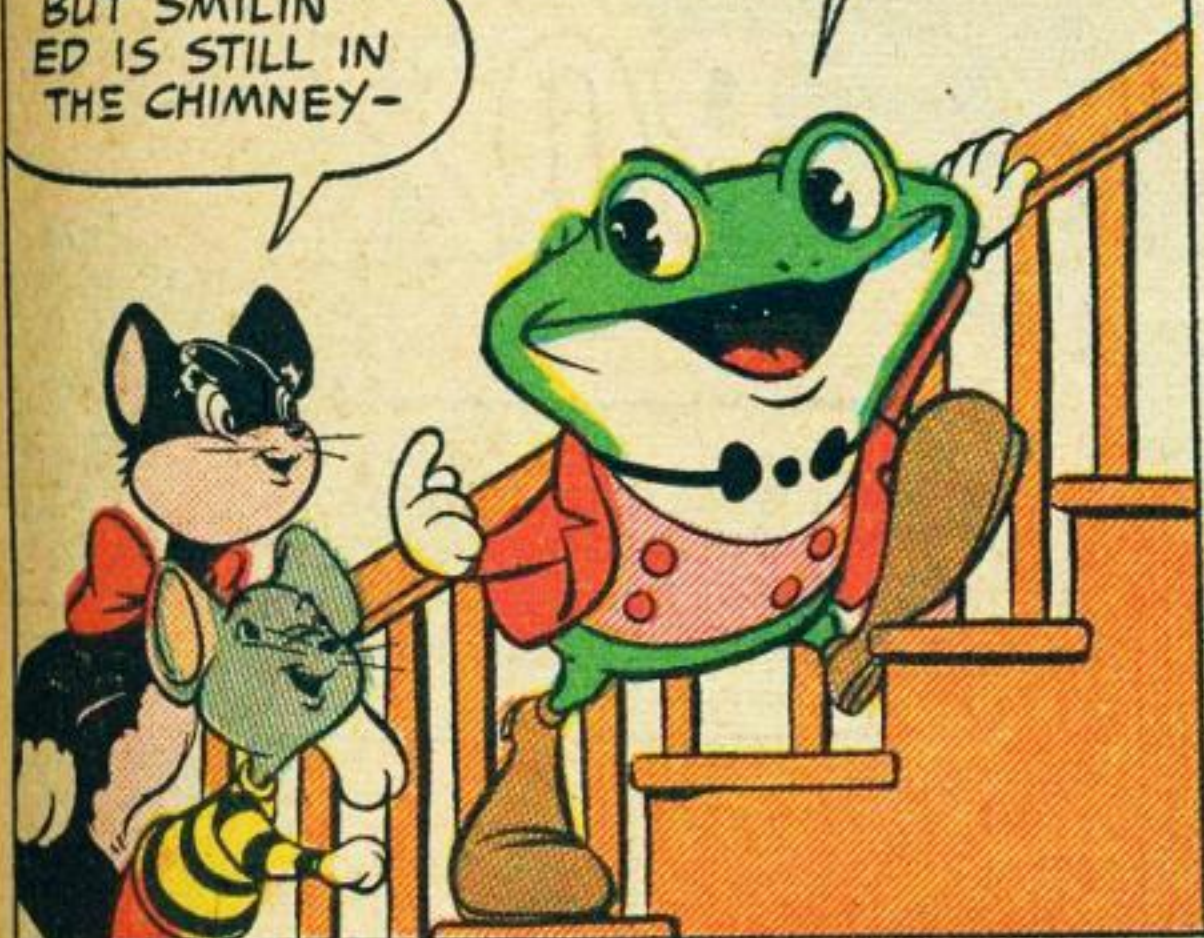
STAY RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE SMILIN' ED...
I'M MEASURING YOU... HMMM... I
GUESS YOU CAN COME DOWN THIS
WAY... YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO
UP THE CHIMNEY AGAIN...



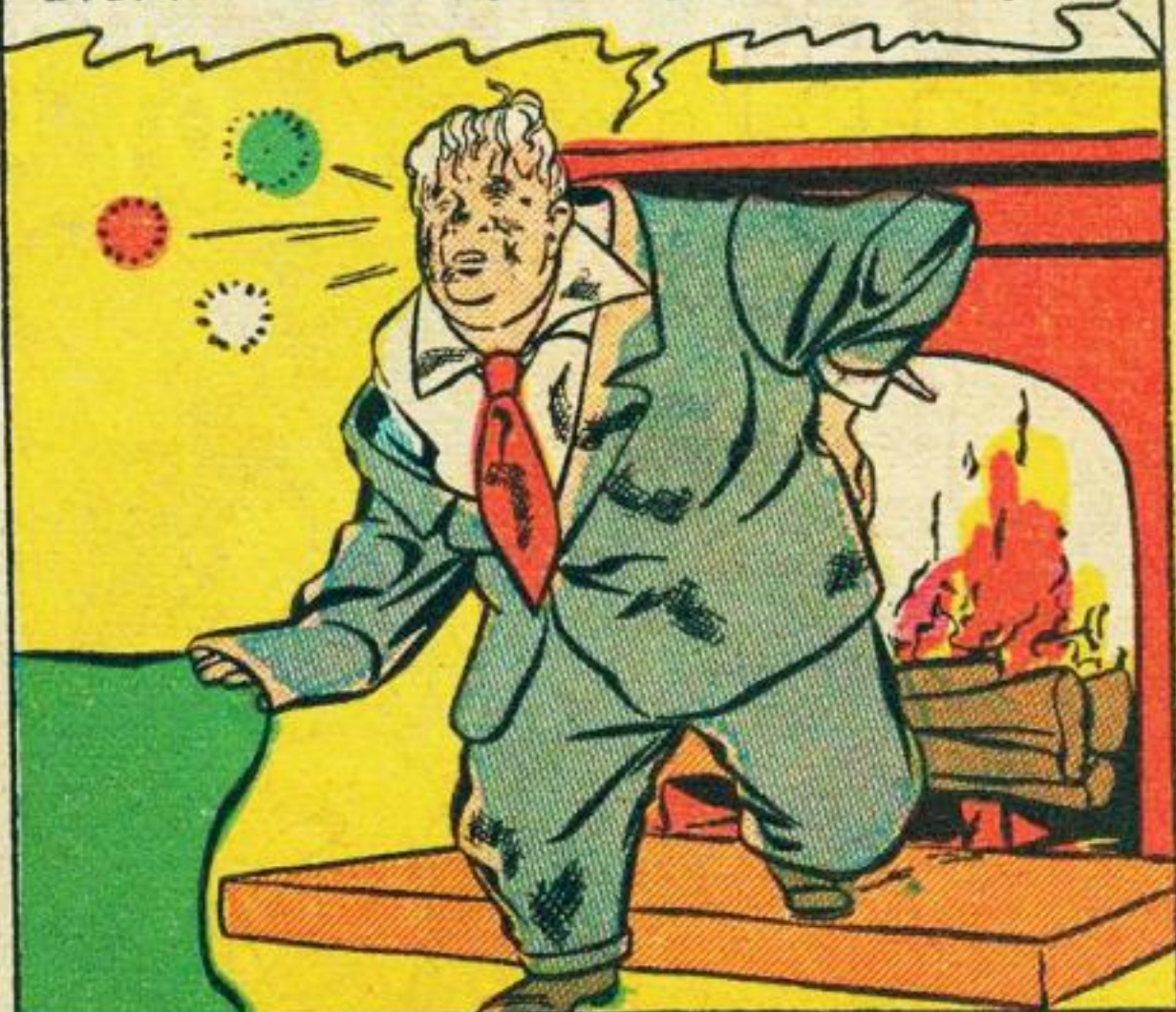
GOOD GRIEF! - UNLESS I GET OUT OF
THIS ROOM INSTANTLY, I'LL GO UP THE
CHIMNEY!! - I'M GETTING DRESSED!

COME ON, PALS - WE DON'T WANTA BE LEFT BEHIND... LET'S GET DRESSED UP... FOR THE BIG HOUSEWARMING PARTY TONIGHT...

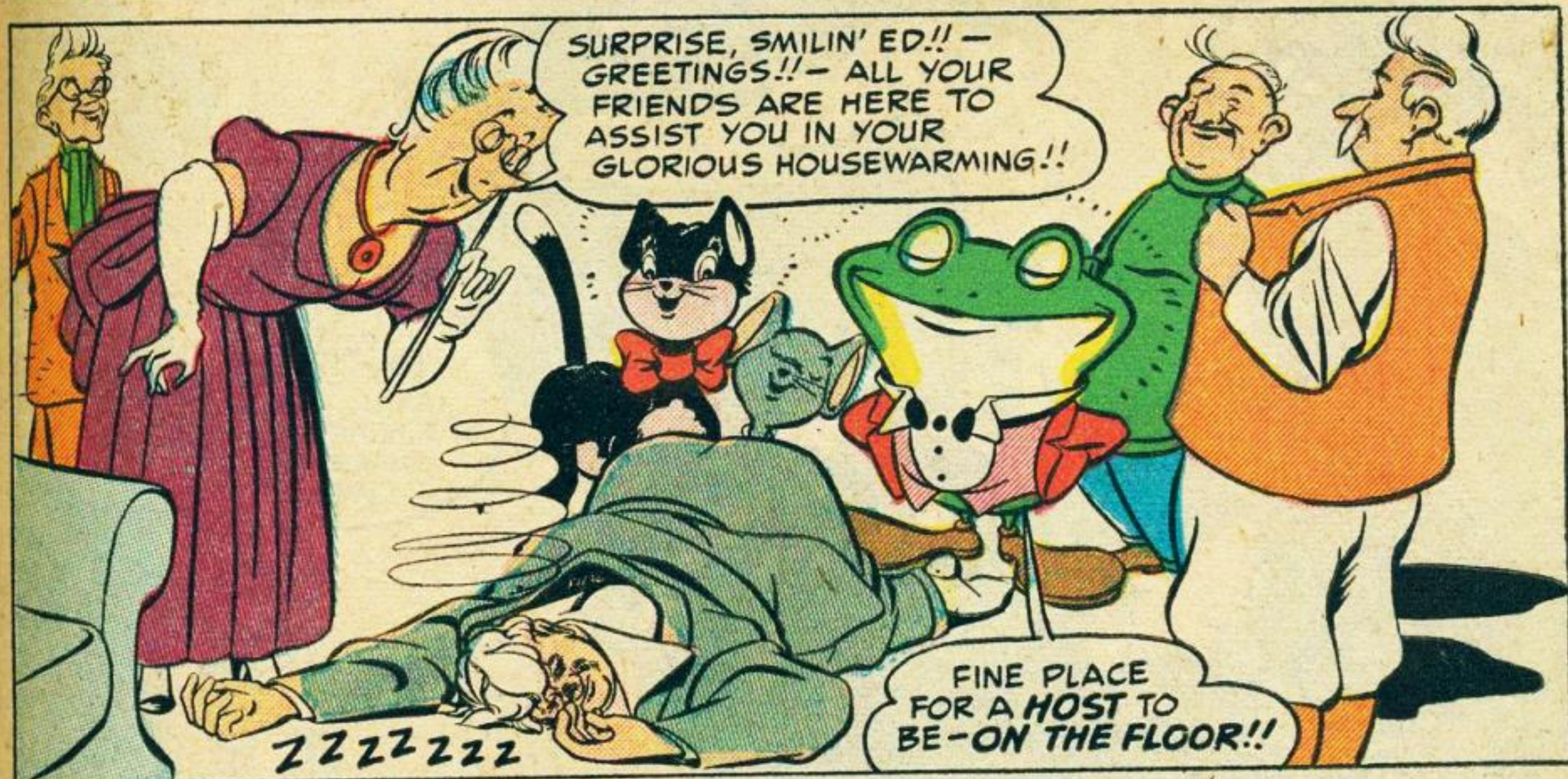
BUT SMILIN' ED IS STILL IN THE CHIMNEY -



OOOOOHHHH... WHERE AM I?? - MY BACK - OHHHH - MY HEAD - OHHH EVERYTHING!! WHERE'S EVERYBODY??



SURPRISE, SMILIN' ED!! - GREETINGS!! - ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE HERE TO ASSIST YOU IN YOUR GLORIOUS HOUSEWARMING!!



FINE PLACE FOR A HOST TO BE - ON THE FLOOR!!

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW - FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW - LONG LIVE SMILIN' ED McCONNELL, IN THIS THING HE CALLS A HOUSE!!



SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE, MIDNIGHT THE CAT, FROGGY THE GREMLIN, AND GRANDY THE PIANO
COPYRIGHTED BY SMILIN' ED McCONNELL STORIES BY HOBART DONAVAN.

IFRIT of the SILVER BOX

WELL, WELL, LITTLE MASTER,
AGAIN YOU HAVE CALLED ME.
YOU MUST BE TROUBLED ---
HOW MAY I SERVE YOU NOW?

I WILL TELL YOU
VERY SHORTLY, GOOD
JINNI, --- JUST NOW
I HEAR MY BROTHER
SHARRKAN CALLING
ME

OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE
PALACE OF SHARRKAN, A
CALIPH OF BAGHDAD...
SHARRKAN'S YOUNG BROTHER,
PRINCE KULAH, IS IN TROUBLE
AND SEEKS HELP. WHEN HE
LIFTS THE LID FROM A SMALL
EARTHEN JUG A GREAT
CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE
COMES FORTH, AND IN IT
THE FIGURE OF A MIGHTY
JINNI TAKES SHAPE...





BUT, BROTHER SHARRKAN, WHY DO YOU ASK ME TO DRESS IN THESE SILLY CLOTHES ?

BECAUSE, KULAH, WE ARE TO VISIT THE PASHA OF BAKIR AND WE MUST APPEAR AT OUR BEST.



BUT WHY DO WE GO TO VISIT THE PASHA OF BAKIR ?

WE GO TO SEE A STRANGE LITTLE SILVER MUSIC BOX WHICH WAS SENT THE PASHA BY SOMEONE UNKNOWN. IT PLAYS CURIOUS MUSIC, YET ITS INSIDE IS EMPTY. IT HOLDS NO WORKS OF ANY KIND. THE PASHA THOUGHT THAT YOUR JINNI'S MAGIC MIGHT SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

MEANWHILE, AT THEIR PALACE, THE PASHA OF BAKIR AND HIS WIFE, LEBA LOOK IN CURIOUS WONDER AT THE LITTLE SILVER BOX.



SOMEHOW THE MUSICAL MAGIC OF THAT LITTLE BOX FRIGHTENS ME. LET US GET RID OF IT AT ONCE.

NO, NO, MY DEAR LEBA, WHO KNOWS--IT MAY BE OF SOME GREAT VALUE, PERHAPS MY FRIEND, THE CALIPH OF BAGHDAD, WHO KNOWS SO MUCH OF MAGIC, MAY BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN ITS POWERS. AND NOW I THINK I SHALL RAISE THE COVER AGAIN AND HEAR THE ENTRANCING TUNE.



NO, NO, MY GOOD HUSBAND! PLEASE! IT IS ACCURSED! DO NOT OPEN THE BOX!

BUT MY DEAR WIFE, NOT ONCE HAVE WE FULLY OPENED IT, WE HAVE BEEN TOO FRIGHTENED AT THE FIRST SOUND OF THE MUSIC. NOW, THIS TIME I MEAN TO LEAVE IT OPEN THAT I MAY STUDY THE INSIDE WELL BEFORE MY GOOD FRIEND, SHARRKAN ARRIVES.



and now, as
a free *IFRIT*, I
fly from your stuffy
palace. I have won
my freedom from my
prison of the
silver box!

AND AS SHAREKA
AND KULAH COME
WITHIN VIEW OF
THE PASHA'S
PALACE, THEY
ARE STRUCK BY
THE OMINOUS
SILENCE THAT
HANGS LIKE A
HEAVY PALL OVER
THE GREAT
BASTION AND ITS
SURROUNDINGS.
THE VERY AIR IS
CHARGED WITH
MYSTERY AND
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THE GREAT
BASTION AND ITS
SURROUNDINGS.
THE VERY AIR IS
CHARGED WITH
MYSTERY AND
UNEASINESS.

ALL IS SO QUIET—
THERE IS NO SIGN
OF LIFE ANYWHERE.

A man in a blue tunic and a woman in a red top and white skirt are riding horses towards a large, colorful city with domed towers. The city appears deserted. A speech bubble from the man says, "ALL IS SO QUIET— THERE IS NO SIGN OF LIFE ANYWHERE."

SEE THE GUARDS AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS-- THEY SEEM TO BE SLEEPING. IT IS STRANGE THAT THE PASHA ALLOWS SUCH CONDUCT.

WE SHALL SEE THEM JUMP TO ATTENTION AT THE PASHA'S APPROACH!

SEE THE GUARDS AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS-- THEY SEEM TO BE SLEEPING. IT IS STRANGE THAT THE PASHA ALLOWS SUCH CONDUCT.

WE SHALL SEE THEM JUMP TO ATTENTION AT THE PASHA'S APPROACH!

HO! HO! THERE, LAGGARD!
ON YOUR FEET! WHAT A
FINE FIGURE YOU MAKE TO
GUARD A PASHA'S
PORTALS!

HE DOESN'T
HEAR A WORD
YOU SAY!

HO! HO! THERE, LAGGARD!
ON YOUR FEET! WHAT A
FINE FIGURE YOU MAKE TO
GUARD A PASHA'S
PORTALS!

HE DOESN'T
HEAR A WORD
YOU SAY!

I WILL MAKE THE PASHA'S EARS
BURN WHEN I TELL HIM WHAT I
THINK OF THIS LAZY RECEPTION!
IT IS MORE AMAZING THAN ANYTHING
THAT CAN COME OUT OF A
MYSTERIOUS MUSIC BOX.



AND AS SHARRKAN AND KULAH ENTER THE PALACE, THEY ARE CONFRONTED BY THE WHITE DOG AND CAT.

THEY SEEM TO BE THE ONLY ONES AWAKE!

YES, AND WHERE COULD THE PASHA AND HIS WIFE BE? IT'S VERY STRANGE THAT THEY AREN'T SOMEWHERE AROUND!



OH, SHARRKAN, THIS MUST BE THE MAGIC BOX-- ISN'T IT PLAYING PRETTY MUSIC-- AND I'M GETTING SO SLEEPY!

SINCE THE PASHA HAS DISAPPOINTED US LIKE THIS, I THINK WE'D BETTER RETURN HOME... I'M NO LONGER INTERESTED IN MUSIC!



AND AS KULAH DRAWS THE TOP FROM THE MAGIC JUG THE USUAL BLACK SMOKE GUSHES FORTH--AND IN IT APPEARS THE MIGHTY AND VERY REAL FIGURE OF THE HAPPY JINNI...

WELL, WELL, LITTLE MASTER AGAIN YOU CALL ME FROM MY TINY PRISON! BUT WHY-- AND HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?

BACK HOME AGAIN, KULAH GOES TO THE CABINET THAT HOLDS THE JUG WHICH HOUSES THE MAGIC JINNI...

I AM SURE MY JINNI WILL ENJOY HEARING ABOUT OUR STRANGE VISIT TO THE PASHA'S PALACE.

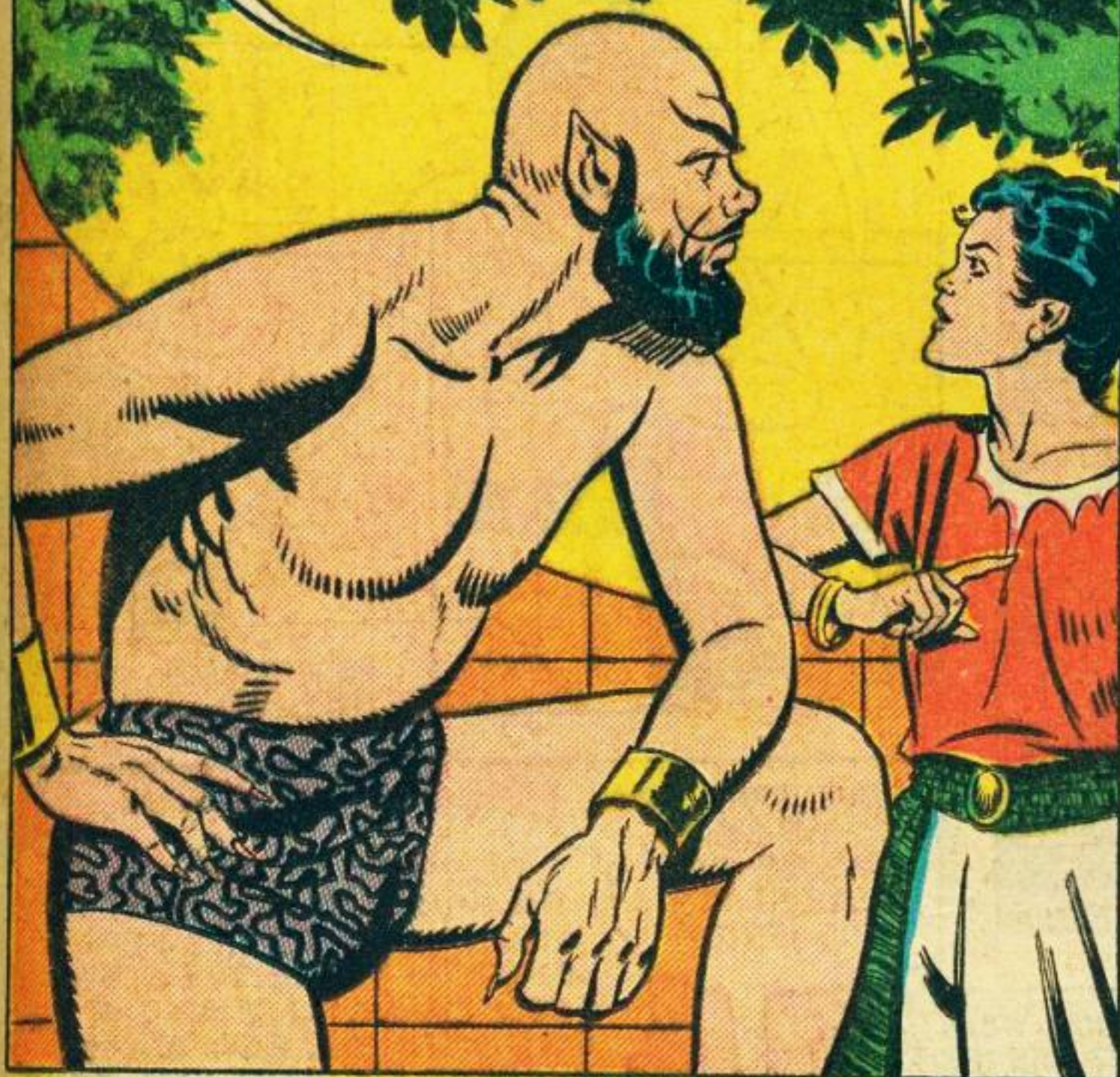


OH, JINNI... I WANTED TO TELL YOU OF OUR STRANGE VISIT TO THE PALACE OF THE PASHA OF BAKIR!



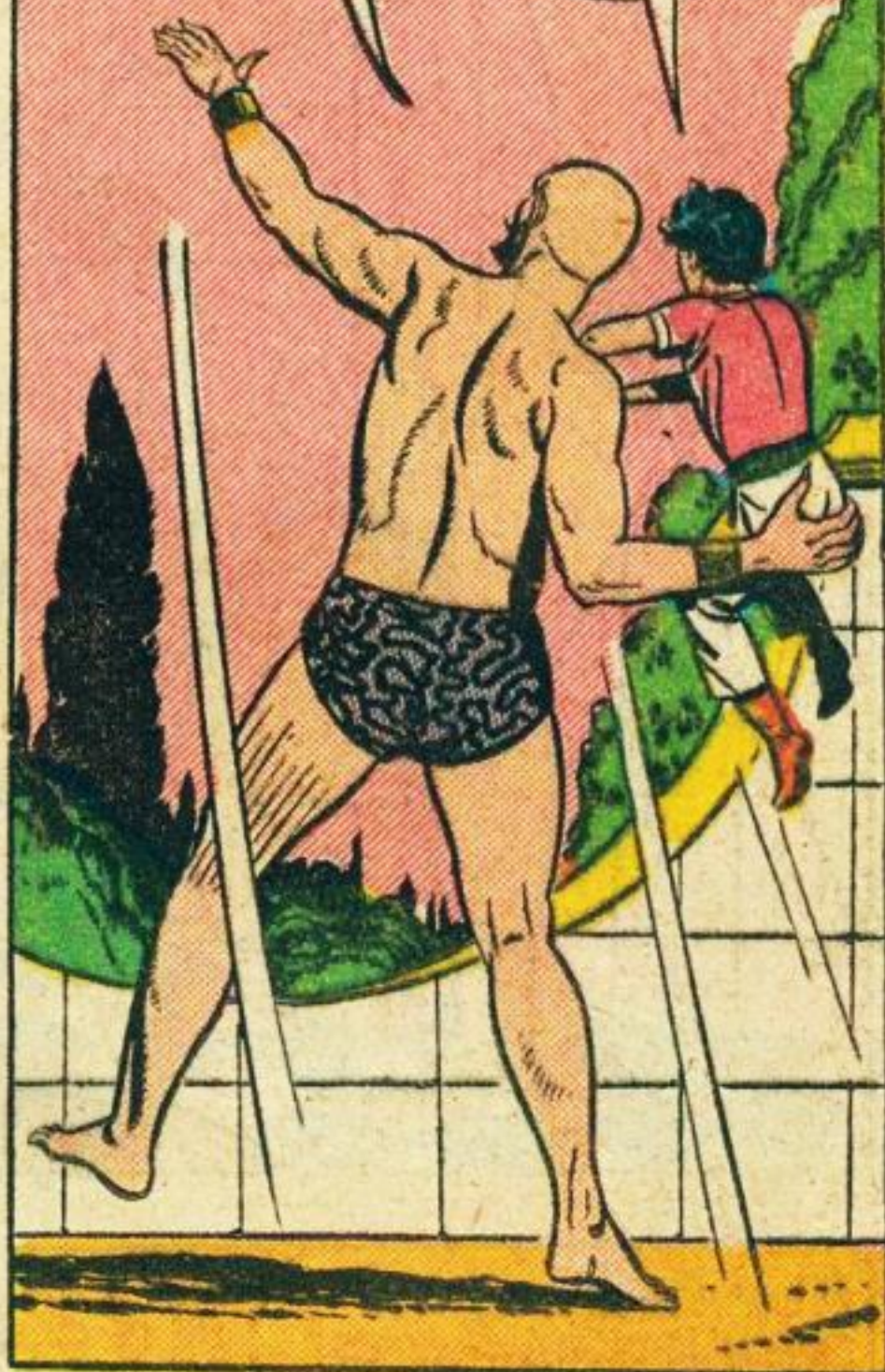
LITTLE MASTER,
IN MY MIND I SEE
THE PASHA'S PALACE,
AND I KNOW THERE IS
SOMETHING STRANGE
ABOUT THE WHITE
DOG AND CAT THAT
ROMP THERE,
RIGHT NOW.

I FELT THE SAME WAY, JINNI!
COME - LET'S YOU AND I GO
BACK THERE NOW WITHOUT
TELLING ANYONE ELSE! I'M SURE
THERE'S A MYSTERY THAT
PERHAPS YOUR MAGIC CAN
SOLVE



VERY WELL, LITTLE
FRIEND, HOLD ON
TIGHTER FOR WE
ARE GOING TO TRAVEL
FASTER THAN
ANYTHING YOU
EVER SAW!

DON'T
DROP ME,
JINNI!



AND WITH KULAH CLINGING TO HIS
BACK, THE JINNI SOARS INTO THE
SKIES AND STREAKS TOWARD THE
PALACE OF THE PASHA...



HERE WE ARE! -
AND RIGHT IN THE
PALACE COURTYARD!





SEE, LITTLE MASTER, THE LITTLE BOX THAT MAKES THE MUSIC! THAT IS THE SOURCE OF THE SLEEPY MAGIC THAT HOLDS THE PALACE SERVANTS IN ITS GRIP! CLOSE THE COVER - QUICKLY!

Meow--thank you--thank you for stopping that dreadful music--meow!

WHAT! WHO'S THAT? - IT SOUNDED LIKE THE CAT!

IT WAS THE CAT, LITTLE FRIEND! I TOLD YOU THERE WAS BLACK MAGIC HERE!

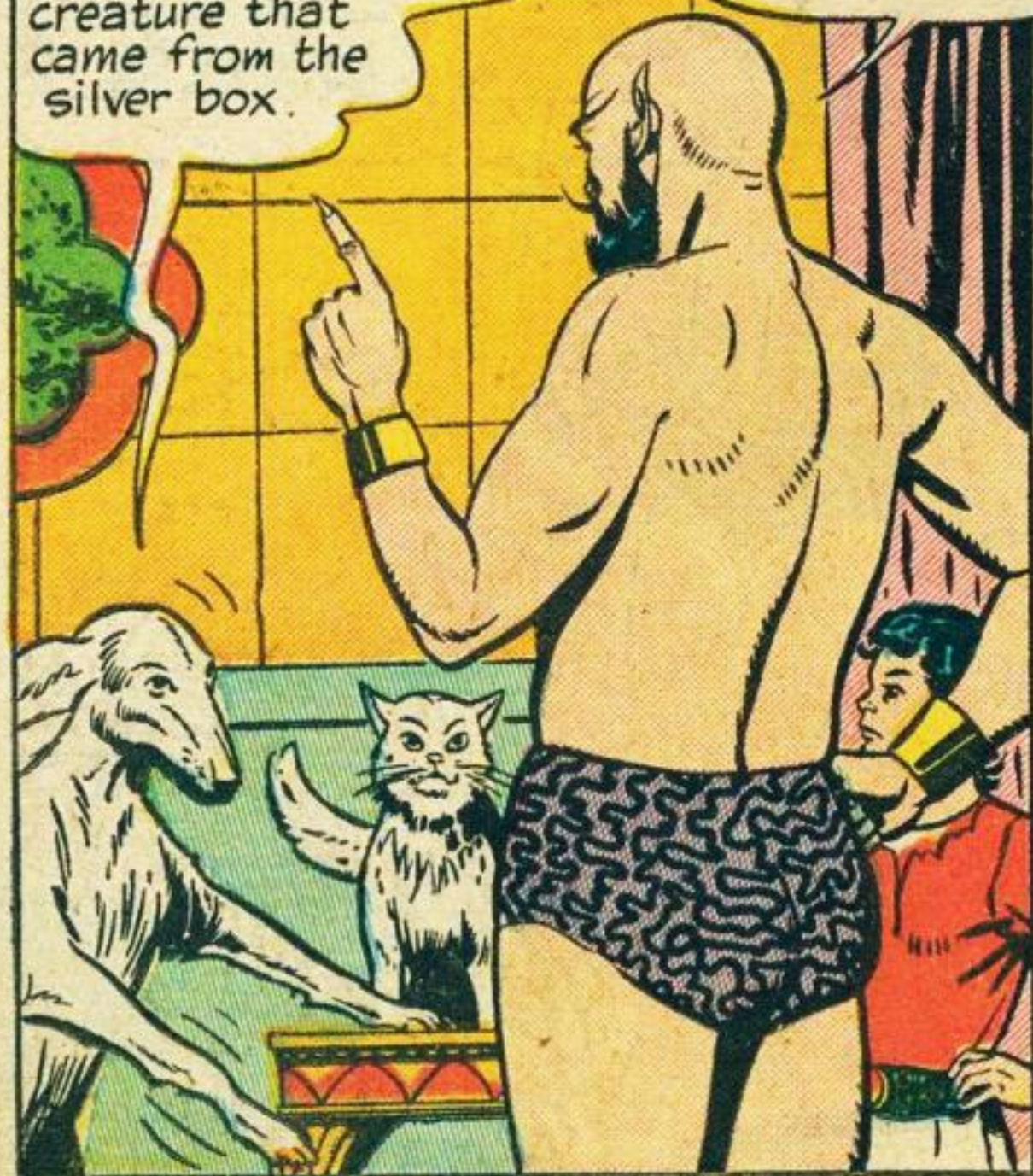


BUT JINNI, HOW DO WE KNOW **WHERE** TO SEARCH FOR THE IFRIT?

THE MUSIC OF THE BOX IS THE MUSIC OF THE SEA. WE WILL TAKE IT TO THE SEA-SHORE - THERE THE SLEEP SPELL CANNOT AFFECT US. WE WILL OPEN THE BOX AND I SUSPECT THE IFRIT WILL COME TO US WHEN HE HEARS HIS MUSIC PLAYING. HOP UP, LITTLE MASTER, HERE WE GO AGAIN!

Pity us - are we not sorry looking figures? - for I am really the Pasha of Bakir, and this cat is my lovely wife. Both of us have been changed into animals by a terrible creature that came from the silver box.

AIE! I KNOW HIM WELL! HE IS CALLED THE IFRIT OF THE SILVER BOX AND THE LONGER HE REMAINS OUT OF THE BOX, THE STRONGER HE BECOMES-- SO WE MUST HUNT HIM DOWN AT ONCE AND PUT HIM BACK WHERE HE BELONGS!



AND OFF AGAIN INTO THE SKIES GOES THE JINNI WITH HIS CLINGING CARGO...

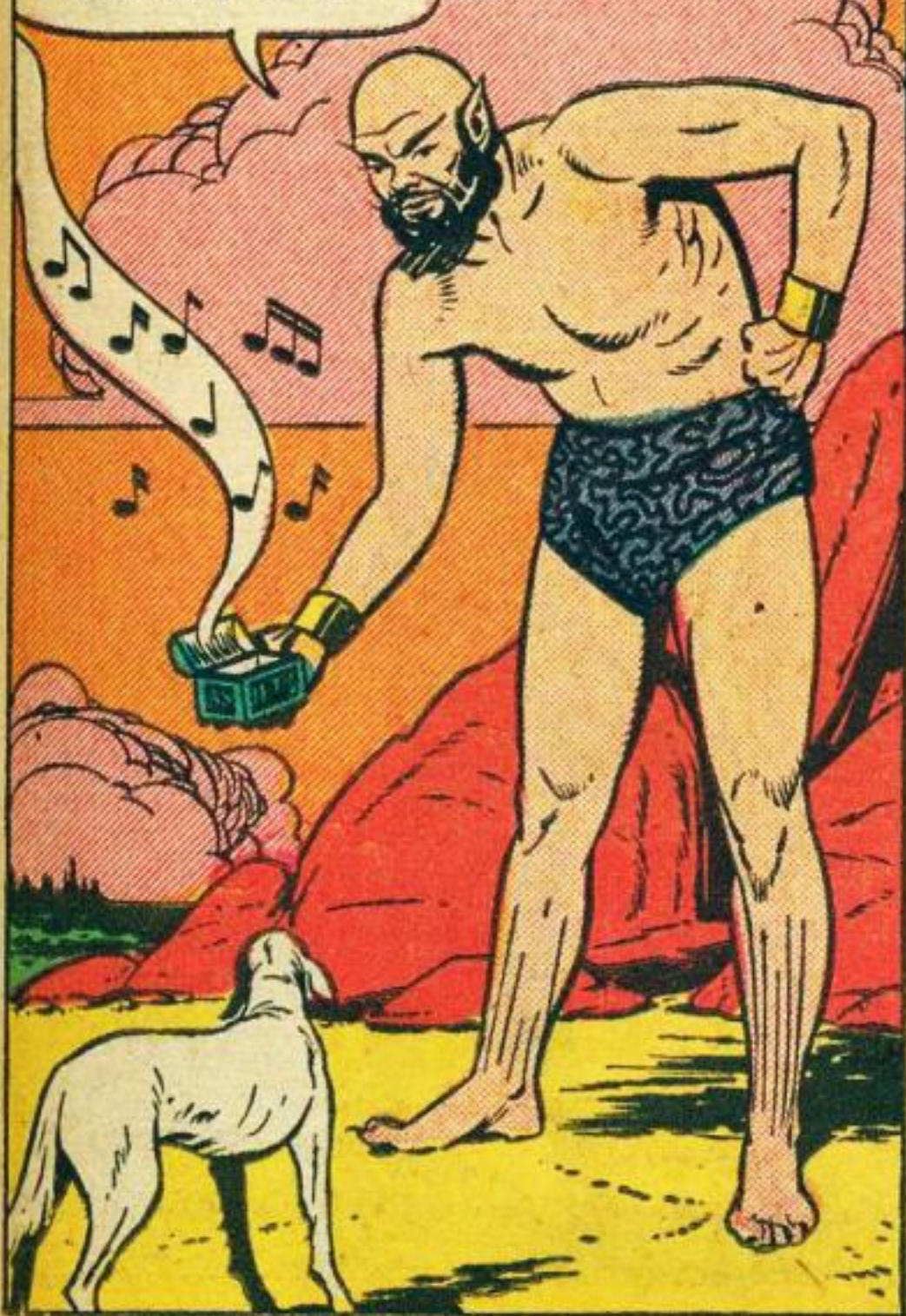
AIE! I NEARLY FORGOT TO LIFT THE SLEEP SPELL FROM THE PALACE SERVANTS. ONE OF MY THUNDERBOLTS WILL DO THE JOB!



THE JINNI'S TREMENDOUS SPEED BRINGS THEM TO THE SEASHORE IN A MATTER OF SECONDS....



NOW - WITH THE MUSIC COMING FROM HIS BOX THE IFRIT SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MOMENT - AND THEN, WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE!

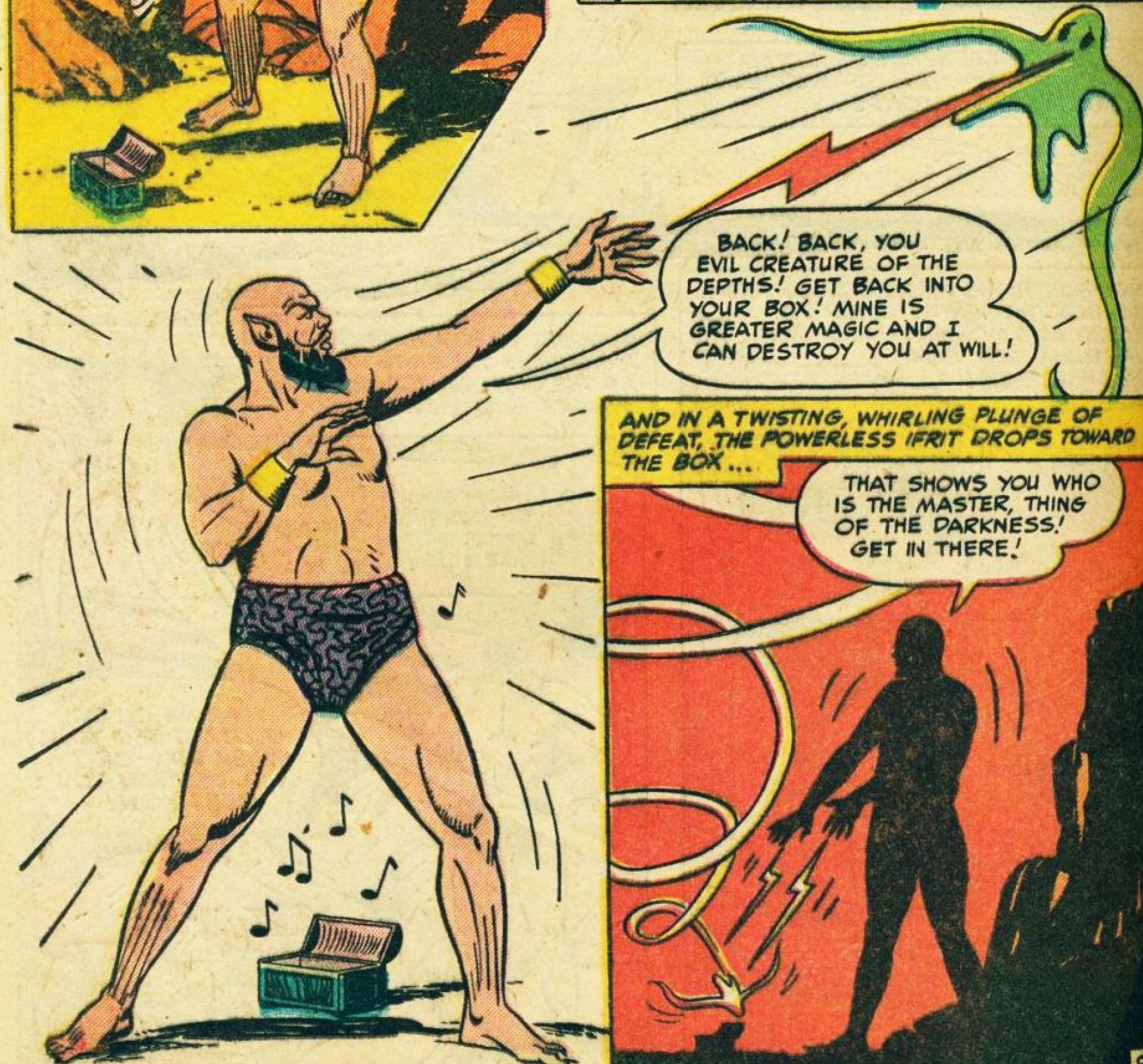
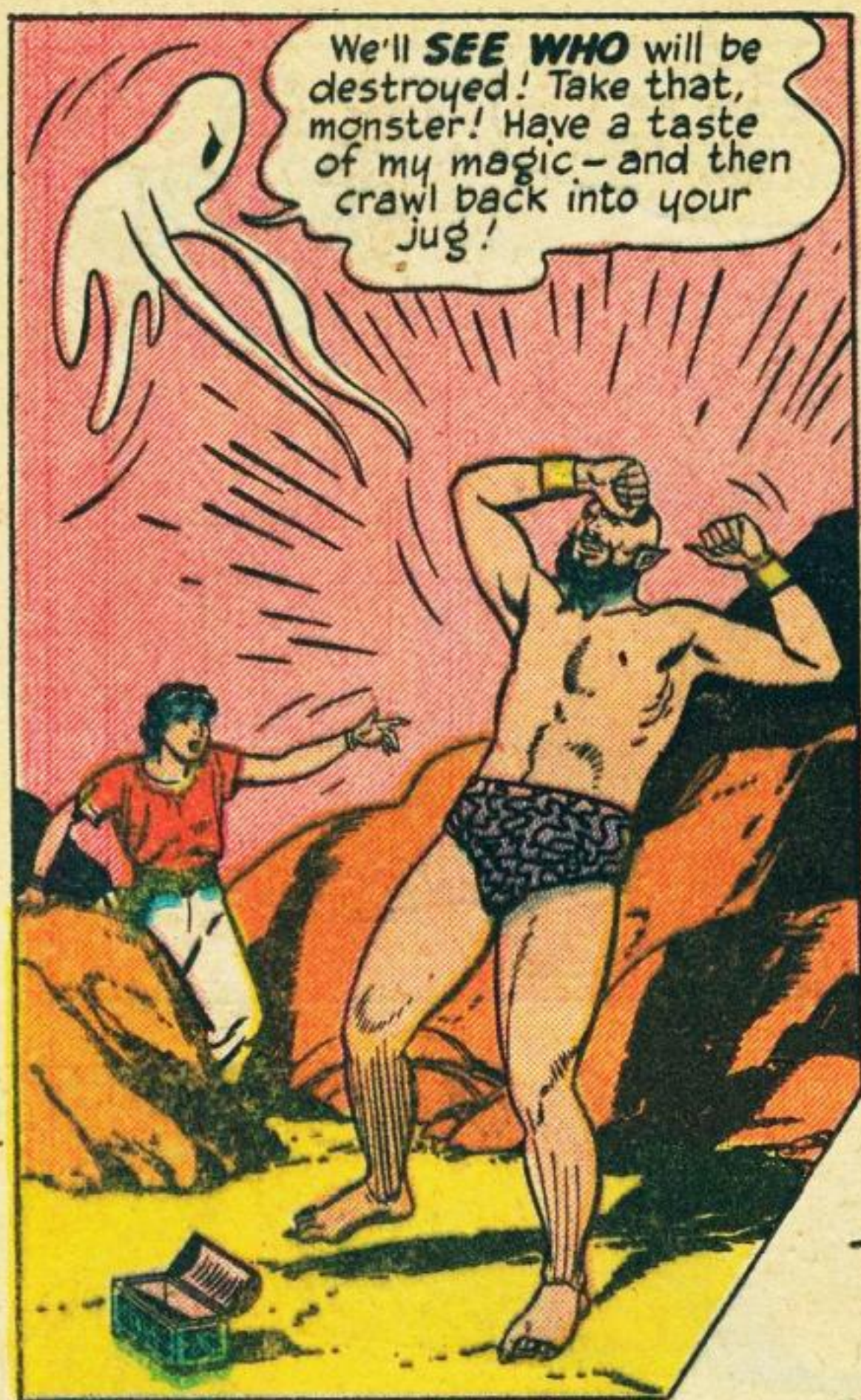


SUDDENLY, A SNARLING LAUGH ANNOUNCES THE IFRIT'S PRESENCE AS THE ODD-SHAPED CREATURE WHISKS INTO VIEW.

Who tampers with my silver box? Who dares to tempt my wrath like this?

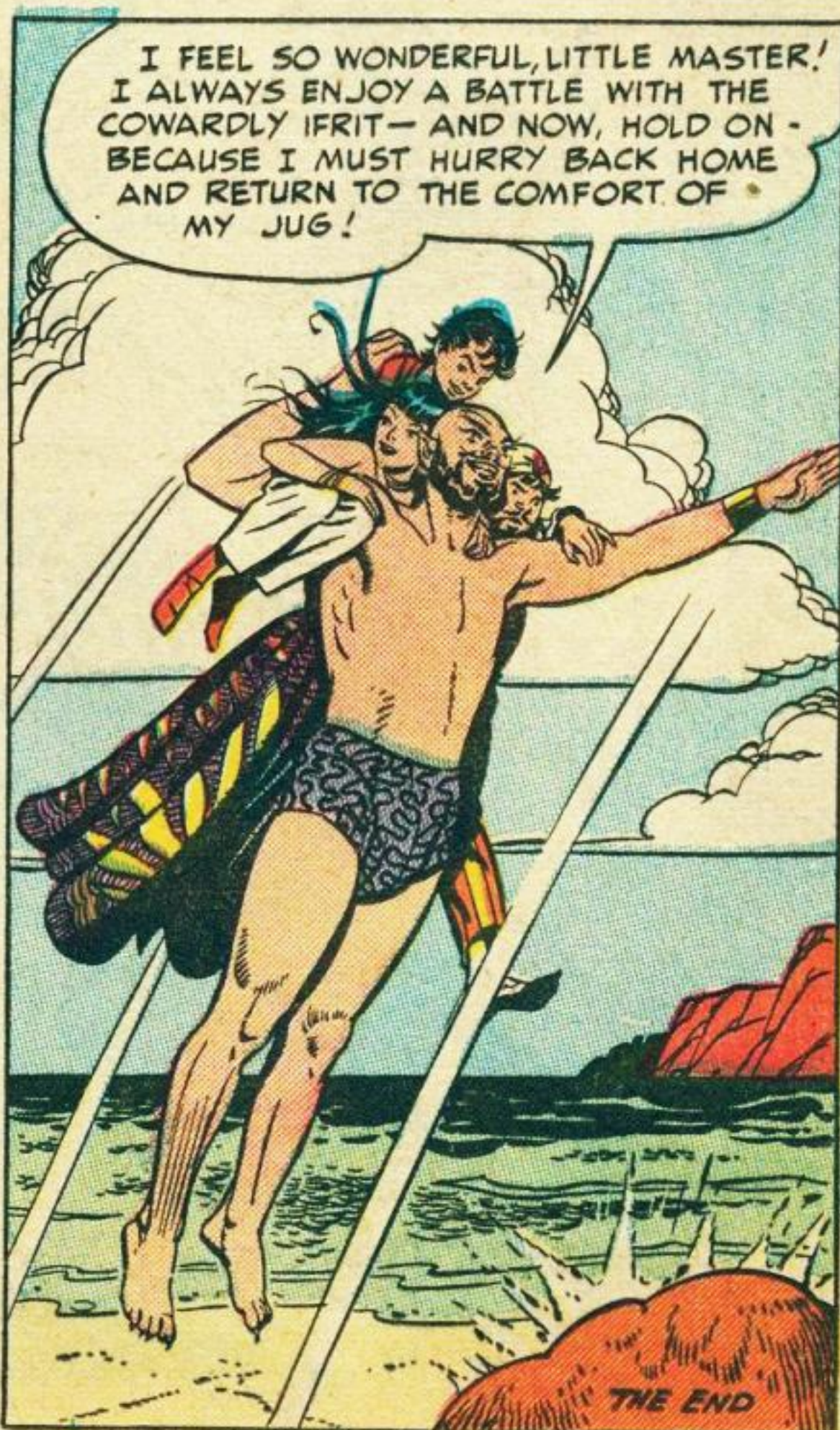
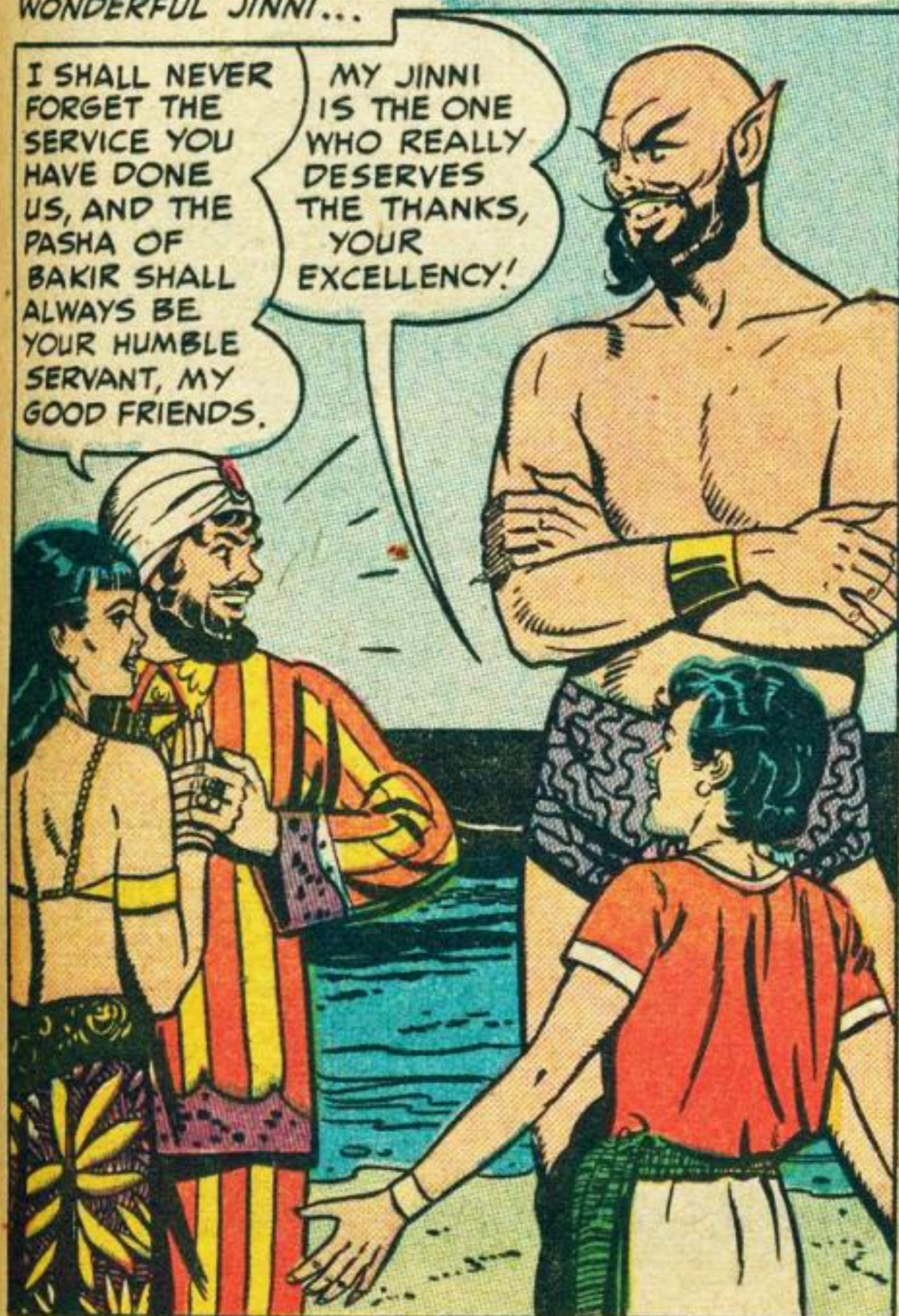


HEAR ME, OH EVIL IFRIT! GET INTO YOUR SILVER BOX - OR I WILL DESTROY YOU RIGHT NOW!





AND ONCE AGAIN IN THEIR HUMAN FORMS, THE GRATEFUL PASHA AND HIS LOVELY WIFE BESTOW THEIR THANKS ON YOUNG KULAH AND HIS WONDERFUL JINNI...



DESERT RAIDERS

GREETINGS, GOOD HUSBAND.
WE ARE SO HAPPY TO SEE
YOU RETURN SAFELY.

I BRING **BAD** NEWS, MY LOVED ONES!
I DELIVERED THE HORSES THAT WE SOLD
TO THE SULTAN, AND AS YOU KNOW, THERE
WERE THREE MARES AND A YOUNG
STALLION. AS I BROUGHT THEM INTO
THE STABLE-YARD, THE STALLION
FELL TO THE GROUND-- **DEAD!**

HO, FATHER! WHAT
GOOD NEWS DO YOU
BRING FROM THE
SULTAN OF
SULEEM?

ALI BEN FOUSSA, DESERT CHIEFTAIN, RIDES
INTO HIS CAMP WHERE HE IS AWAITED BY HIS
LOVELY WIFE AND HIS YOUNG SON, BABA.

DEAD? BUT WHY SHOULD THE STALLION DIE? HE WAS YOUNG AND STRONG AND NEARLY AS GOOD A HORSE AS HIS FATHER, MY OWN GREAT SHEIK.

OF COURSE THE MONEY FOR THE STALLION MUST BE RETURNED TO THE SULTAN, AT ONCE... SINCE HE DIDN'T GET THE HORSE.

BUT YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN, GOOD WIFE, WE HAVE ALREADY SPENT THE GOLD THAT THE SULTAN GAVE US FOR THE HORSES. WE'VE BOUGHT CLOTH FOR THE ROBES AND VEILS, POWDER FOR OUR GUNS AND SALT FOR OUR FOOD.

BUT WE MUST RETURN EITHER THE SULTAN'S GOLD OR GIVE HIM ANOTHER STALLION.

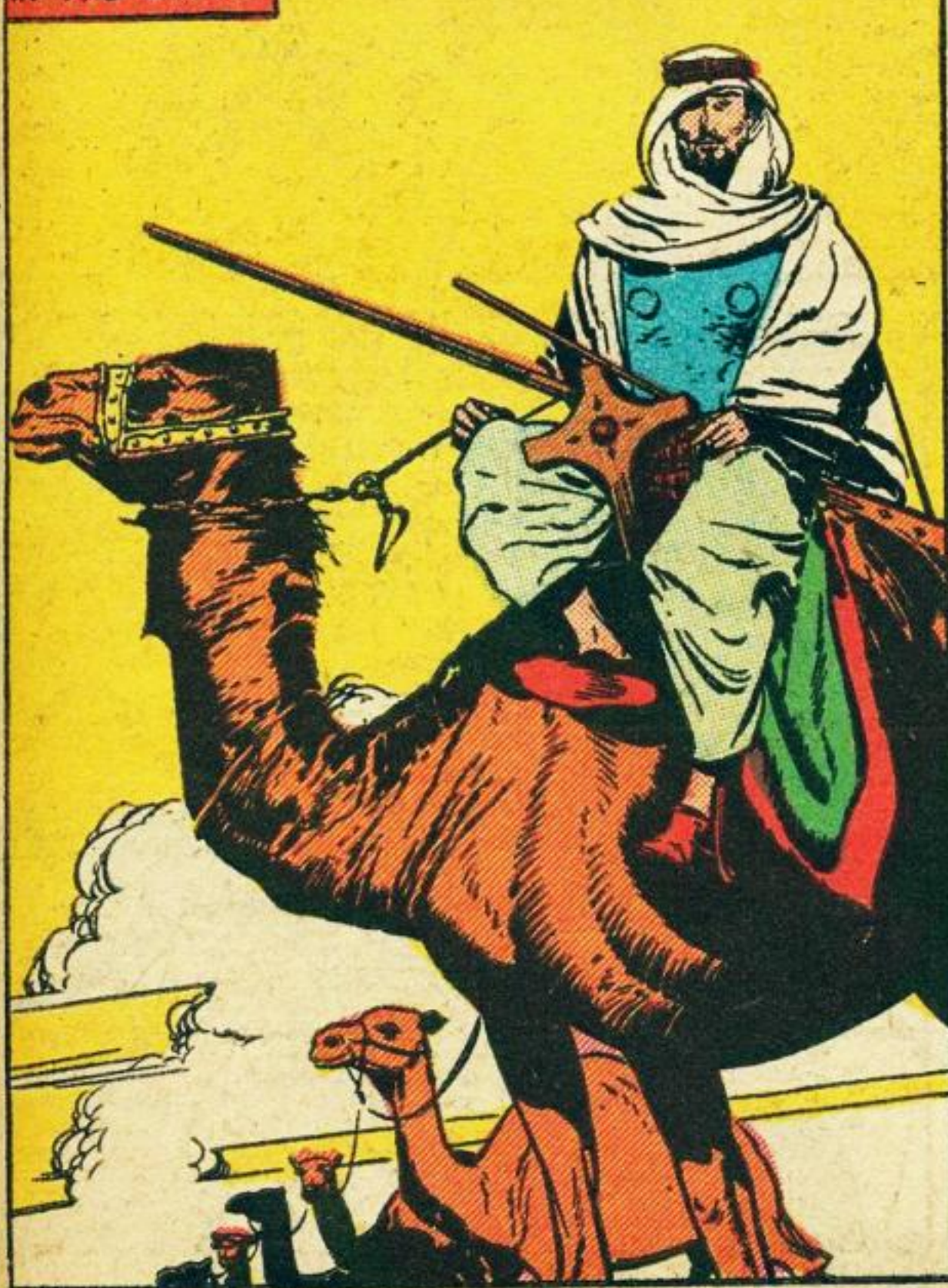
VERY TRUE, BABA, AND BECAUSE OF MY TUAREG HONOR, I HAVE ALREADY PROMISED THE SULTAN THAT HE WILL RECEIVE EITHER HIS MONEY OR YOUR STALLION, SHEIK, TOMORROW. I WILL TAKE TEN OF OUR FINEST CAMELS AND WILL TRY TO SELL THEM FOR ONE-TENTH OF THEIR VALUE IN ORDER TO GET MONEY FOR THE SULTAN.

THAT DEAD STALLION WAS THE FINEST WE HAD EXCEPT, OF COURSE, MY OWN HORSE, SHEIK.



AND MOUNTED ON HIS OWN FINE TUAREG CAMEL, ALI BEN FOUSSA LEAVES FOR THE CAMEL MARKET IN THE CITY.

LATER... HIS CAMELS SOLD AND CARRYING A SMALL BAG OF GOLD, ALI BEN FOUSSA IS RETURNING HOME, WHEN, SUDDENLY HE IS SURPRISED BY A GROUP OF DESERT RAIDERS... A SHOT IS FIRED...



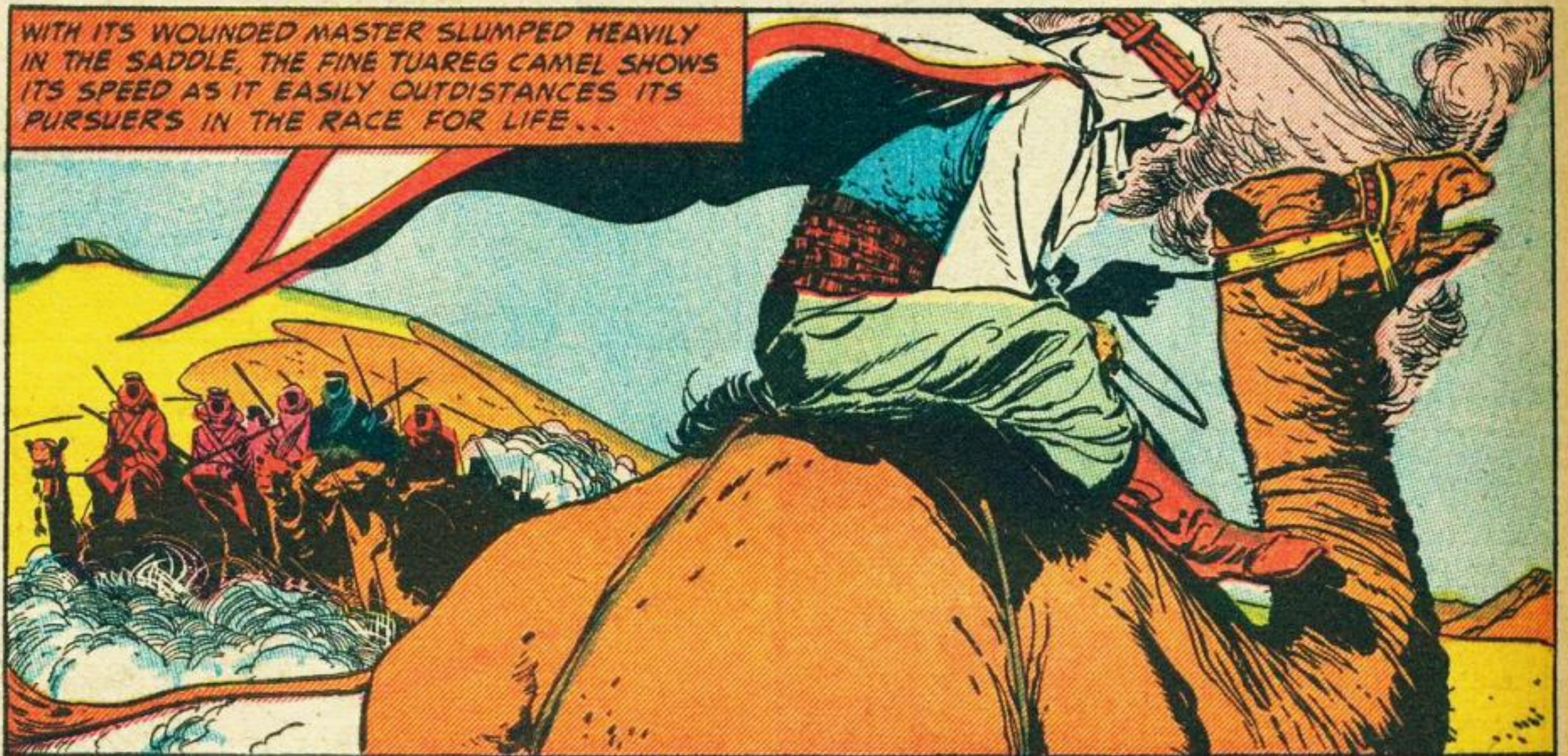
BADLY OUTNUMBERED,
THE DESERT CHIEFTAIN
FLEES AS HE RETURNS
THE FIRE OF HIS
PURSUERS...



A RIFLE BALL THUDS INTO
ALI'S SHOULDER...



WITH ITS WOUNDED MASTER SLUMPED HEAVILY
IN THE SADDLE, THE FINE TUAREG CAMEL SHOWS
ITS SPEED AS IT EASILY OUTDISTANCES ITS
PURSUERS IN THE RACE FOR LIFE...



ON REACHING CAMP THE SIGHT OF THE HELPLESS
ALI BEN FOUSSA CAUSES YOUNG BABA AND
HIS MOTHER TO COME RUNNING...



ROBBERS...I HAVE BEEN
SHOT...I AM TOO WEAK TO
RIDE-- BUT THE SULTAN
MUST HAVE HIS MONEY
BY SUNDOWN OR YOUR
GREAT STALLION, SHEIK,
MUST BE GIVEN
TO HIM...

BUT, BABA, I AM
AFRAID. THE DESERT
RAIDERS MIGHT
KILL YOU!

FATHER, LET ME
TAKE THE MONEY TO
THE SULTAN. MY FAST
HORSE, SHEIK, CAN
EASILY GET ME THERE
BY SUNDOWN
TOMORROW.

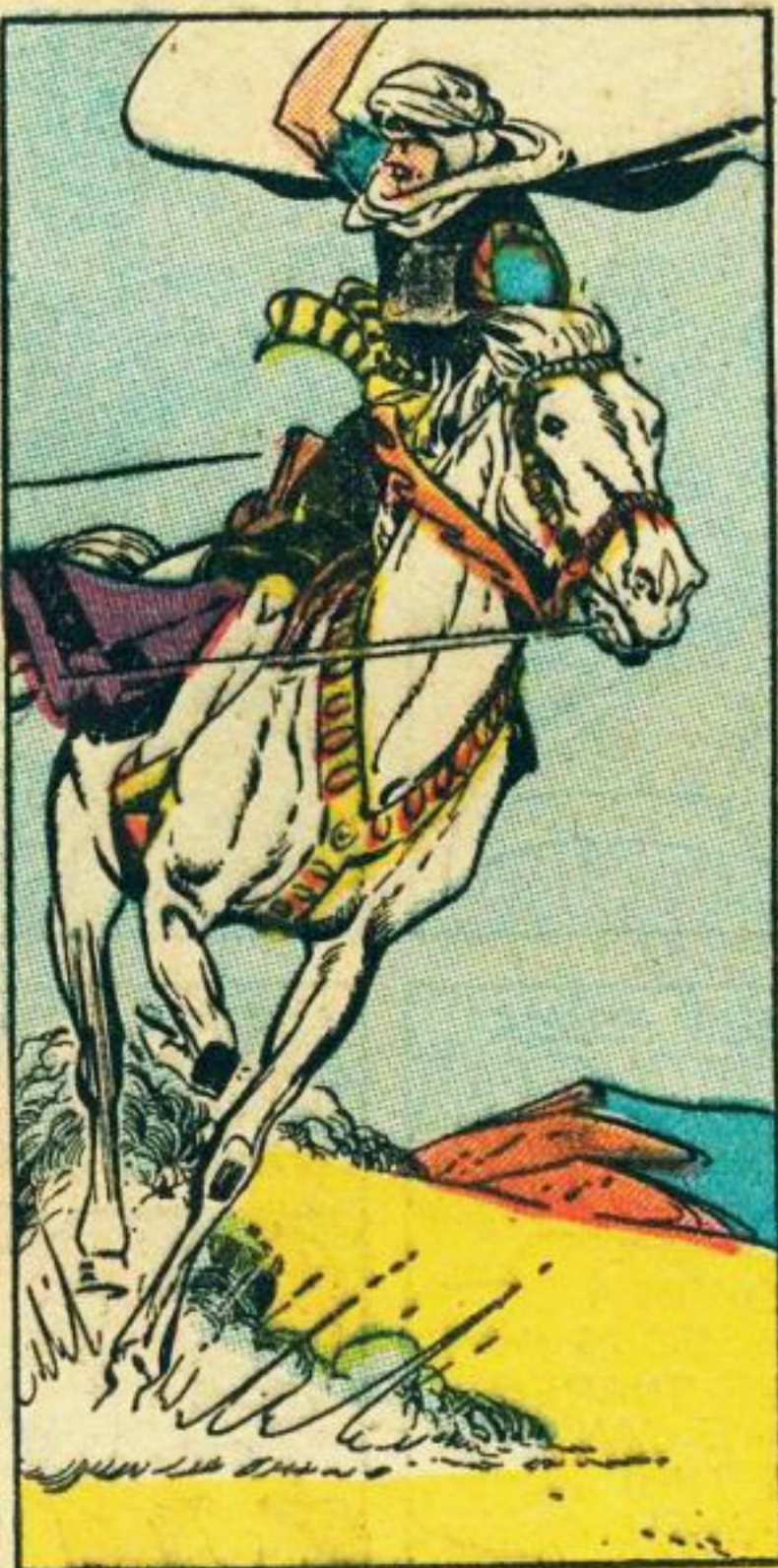


WE MUST LET BABA GO, MOTHER, WE CANNOT REFUSE HIM THIS CHANCE TO DELIVER THE MONEY AND KEEP HIS OWN FINE HORSE!

VERY WELL THEN, MY SON, GO--AND MAY ALLAH BE WITH THEE AND KEEP THEE SAFE.

AND WITH THE BAG OF GOLD TIED TO HIS SADDLE, DARING YOUNG BABA IS OFF ACROSS THE LONELY DESERT BOUND FOR THE SULTAN OF SULEEM'S PALACE.

AS DARKNESS FALLS, BABA MOUNTS A DESERT RISE, AND TO HIS SURPRISE, HIS EYES BEHOLD A DESERT ENCAMPMENT.



RIDING INTO THE CAMP THE BOY IS ROUGHLY GREETED BY THE CHIEFTAIN WHO IS VEILED AND HEAVILY ARMED.

I SAW YOUR CAMP FROM A DISTANCE. I COME TO ASK FOR FOOD FOR MYSELF AND MY HORSE AND A PLACE TO REST FOR AN HOUR!

VERY WELL, DISMOUNT. BAALID, TAKE HIS HORSE.



LOOK HERE, BOY OF THE TUAREG! MAYBE YOU FORGET, BUT ONCE BEFORE YOU CAUSED MY BITTER DEFEAT, AND NOW YOU WALK RIGHT INTO MY HANDS. THIS TIME YOU WILL NOT LEAVE HERE--ALIVE!

WHO - WHO ARE YOU?



HA! HA! HA! WHO AM I, HE ASKS! LOOK CLOSER... DO YOU KNOW ME NOW, YOUTH?

HASSIM! HASSIM THE BEDOUIN! QUICKLY, SHEIK!! FLY! HOME!



BAH! THE CURSE OF ALLAH UPON YOU, WHELP! BUT YOU DON'T GET AWAY! AND I WILL GET THAT FINE HORSE OF YOURS YET! BAALID, TIE THIS ONE UP AND THROW HIM IN THE TENT WITH THE OTHER!



WHILE BACK AT THE CAMP OF ALI BEN FOUSSA, THE WOUNDED CHIEFTAN WALKS WITH HIS WIFE.

AH, GOOD WIFE, MY WOUND DOESN'T TROUBLE ME AS MUCH NOW AS MY CONCERN FOR BABA.

THE BOY IS A COURAGEOUS SON OF THE TUAREG, AND WE CAN ONLY HOPE THAT HE IS WELL.



LOOK!.. IT IS SHEIK, BABA'S HORSE! HE RETURNS WITHOUT HIM!

OH! MY SON! MY SON! NOW I KNOW THAT WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED HIM TO GO!



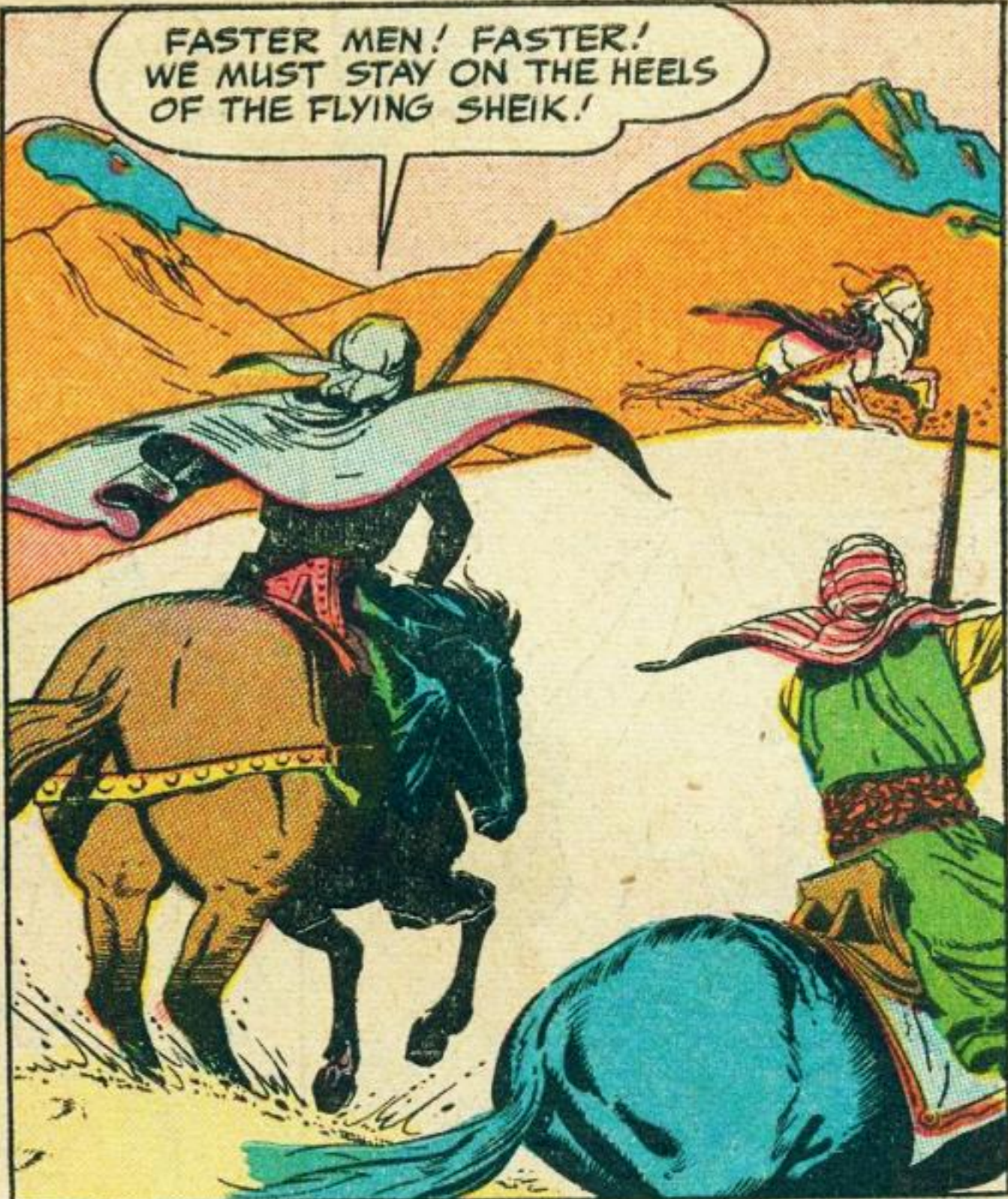
HO, MEN... MEN OF THE TUAREG! TO YOUR HORSES... WE RIDE!



SHEIK! GOOD SHEIK! GO
FIND BABA! FIND BABA!



FASTER MEN! FASTER!
WE MUST STAY ON THE HEELS
OF THE FLYING SHEIK!



MEANWHILE, IN THE TENT WHERE HE LIES
TIGHTLY BOUND, BABA SLOWLY REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND ANOTHER CAPTIVE
IN THE TENT WITH HIM... IT IS NONE OTHER THAN
THE SULTAN OF SULEEM.

EXCELLENCY... YOU!
ARE YOU, TOO, A
PRISONER HERE IN
THE CAMP OF
HASSIM THE
BEDOUIN?

BUT THIS IS NOT
THE CAMP OF HASSIM...
THIS IS THE CAMP OF MY
OWN CARAVAN. WE WERE
RETURNING FROM
TIMBUCTU—OUR CAMELS
LOADED WITH COSTLY SILKS
WHEN HASSIM AND HIS
RAIDERS CAPTURED US...
I HOPE SOMEONE WAS
WITH YOU AND ESCAPED
TO GET HELP!



I WAS ALONE...
BUT I THINK MY
LOYAL HORSE,
SHEIK, MAY
SPEED HELP
TO US.

I'M AFRAID YOUR
HORSE WILL DO NOTHING
OF THE KIND, YOUTH. YOU
AND THE ESTEEMED SULTAN
ARE BIGGER GAME THAN I,
HASSIM, HOPED TO CAPTURE
IN ANY ONE DAY!



YOUR SHARP TONGUE
WILL GET YOU NOWHERE,
TUAREG, AND MANY
FINE HORSES AND
CAMELS WILL YOUR
FATHER GIVE ME
OR HE WILL NEVER
SEE YOU ALIVE
AGAIN! AS FOR
YOU, EXCELLENCY,
IT WILL TAKE MUCH
MONEY AND PRECIOUS
JEWELS TO SAVE YOU!

I WOULD
RATHER DIE
THAN PAY YOU
ONE PENNY, AND
MY PEOPLE
WILL MAKE
YOU REGRET
THIS!

HASSIM! HASSIM!
ACROSS THE
DESERT COMES
THE WHITE
STALLION OF
THE TUAREG BOY—
AND BEHIND HIM
COME MANY
HORSEMEN!

AGAIN WE
MUST TURN
BACK THE
ACCURSED
TUAREG!
QUICKLY, BAALID,
ROUSE THE MEN!

IT IS OUR CHANCE, EXCELLENCY!
PERHAPS WE CAN LOOSEN
THE BONDS ON EACH OTHER.
THIS IS A FIGHT IN WHICH
I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN.



AND IN THE HEAD-ON CHARGE, THE GREAT
WHITE SHEIK LEADS THE TUAREG WARRIORS.



WITH BLAZING EYES, SHEIK RAGES THROUGH THE
EMBATTLED CAMP UNTIL HE SENSES THE TENT THAT
HOLDS HIS YOUNG MASTER. TRUMPETING VICTORY, HE
CRASHES THE ENCLOSURE WITH HIS HEART NEARLY
BURSTING AT THE SIGHT OF BABA!



OH, SHEIK! GOOD SHEIK!
IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WAY
YOU COULD BREAK THESE BONDS!



AND THE FLYING HOOVES BASH HASSIM TO THE
GROUND -- A QUIVERING, HELPLESS HULK AT THE
MERCY OF THE ENRAGED HORSE.



IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD, TUAREG
YOUTH -- YOUR WISE HORSE HAS
BROUGHT YOUR WARRIORS BUT
NOW YOU WILL **DIE** --- AND
THE SULTAN WILL DIE WITH YOU!

STRIKE,
SHEIK!
STRIKE!



AND WITH HASSIM UNCONSCIOUS, THE LOYAL
HORSE NOW BITES AT THE ROPES THAT BIND
BABA.

GOOD SHEIK!
YOU ARE BREAKING
THE ROPES!

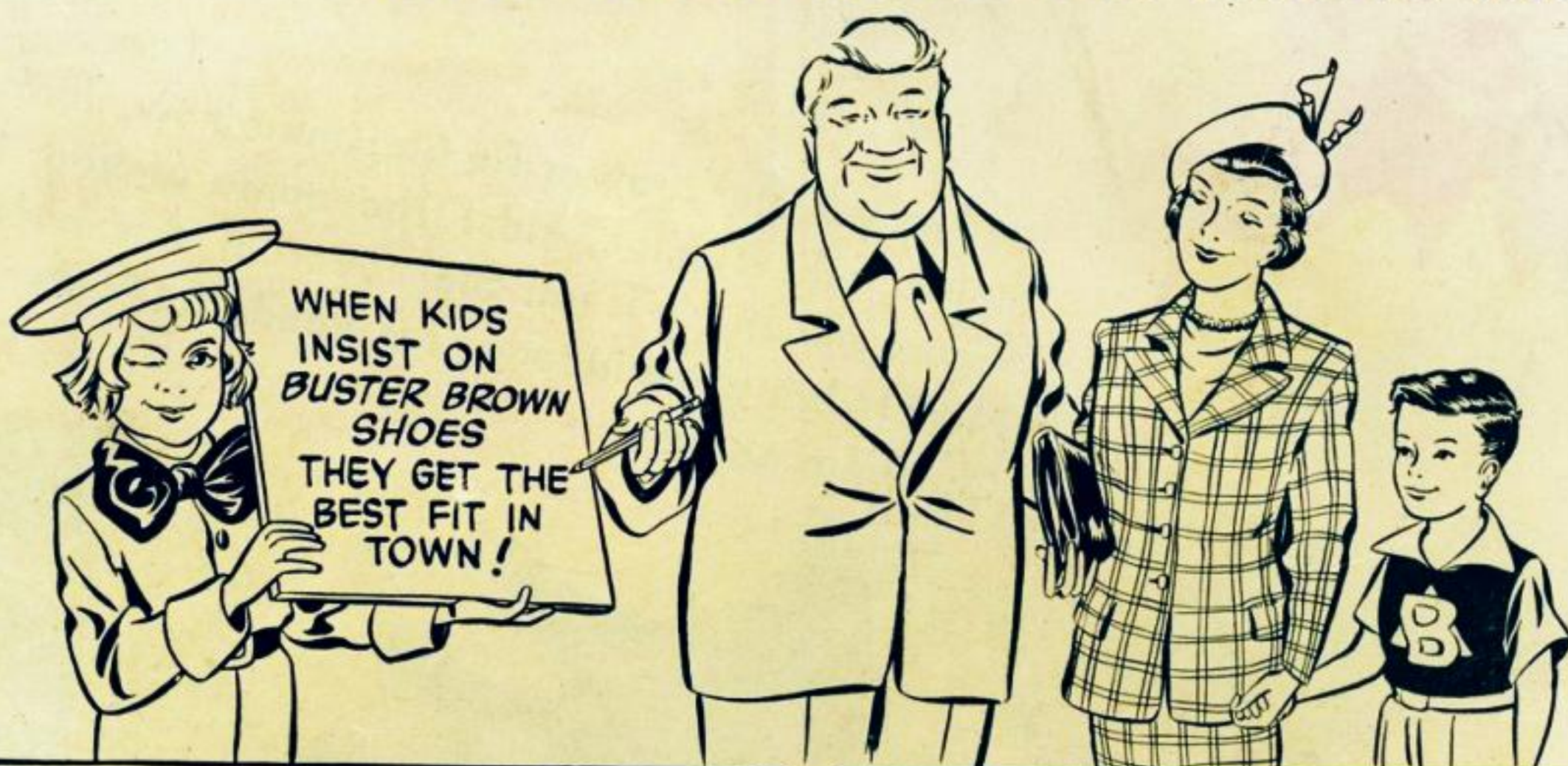
WONDERFUL!
WONDERFUL!





Buddies! Sweethearts!

SHOW YOUR MOM WHY THIS IS TRUE!



"FIRST OF ALL, BUSTER BROWN SHOES ARE SHAPED TO FIT! THEY'RE MADE ON 'LIVE FOOT' LASTS, JUST THE SHAPE OF YOUR OWN FEET, SO YOUR SHOES ALWAYS GIVE SNUG SUPPORT WHERE YOU NEED IT!"



"THEN THE BUSTER BROWN SHOEMAN CAREFULLY MEASURES THE LENGTH AND WIDTH OF BOTH YOUR FEET. HE GIVES YOU THE RIGHT SIZE, LEAVING THE CORRECT AMOUNT OF 'WIGGLE-ROOM' AT THE TOES."



"HEEL FIT IS CHECKED, TOO, TO MAKE SURE IT'S WIDE ENOUGH AT THE BOTTOM AND SNUG ENOUGH AT THE TOP. YOUR BUSTER BROWN SALESMAN WOULD RATHER MISS A SALE THAN SEND YOU OUT IN A SHOE THAT'S NOT RIGHT FOR YOUR FOOT."



"THAT'S WHY YOU GET A SHOE THAT FEELS AS GOOD AS IT IS GOOD FOR YOU. AND YOUR BUSTER BROWN SHOEMAN ALSO CAN TELL MOTHER WHEN YOUR SHOE SIZE WILL NEED RE-CHECKING."

BUSTER BROWN'S Jingle Bells Jubilee

Get new Buster Browns for Christmas now, during the Jingle Bells Jubilee, kids! The name of your Buster Brown shoeman is on the cover of this book. Ask Mom to bring you in today for wonderful Buster Brown Christmas shoes!

